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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



NOVEMBER, 1932

John G. Thompson

"Names Make News"

AND what news these names do make when they write stories for
your magazine—THE AMERICAN GIRL. Just look at the names!

ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

CLARICE N. DETZER

CHARLES G. MULLER

ADELE de LEEUW

LESLIE WARREN

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

MABEL CLELAND

ISABEL ROSS

NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

*And what is more, a story by each of these favorite
authors will appear in the next three issues.*

George Was Wonderful, an inspiring Christmas story by Alice Dyar Russell, brings to you a truly charming heroine named Judy. How she decides to help bring Santa Claus to the poor children of the Mojave Desert, and what she sacrifices in order to do it forms a story of rare appeal.

Phantom on the Ice, a mystery story by Charles G. Muller, takes you along at break-neck speed to a startling conclusion. It begins, "This place is going to give me creeps," muttered Ellen. And she shivered—not from the Vermont cold." If she only knew what was in store for her!

Enforced Leisure, a Scatter story by Leslie Warren. Back from Camp Panther and at school once again, Scatter is determined to play on the hockey team. Is sure of it, in fact, until up pops an old question of a math quiz she had flunked. And—well, you just know Scat scrapes through!

Code of the Coast, by Clarice N. Detzer, tells of Ruth, the daughter of a captain in the coastguard, stationed on Lake Mich-

igan. Her life is probably pleasant in the summertime but in the winter when the wind howls and the barometer falls—then there's a different story to tell! It is a different story, too; of rare, unflinching courage on the part of this frail girl of sturdy heart. When you read *Code of the Coast* in the warmth of your favorite chair, you will exist for a time in a new world.

Tell That to King, an adventure story by Norma Bicknell Mansfield; *Ferry Tale*, a story of vandalism by Isabel Ross; a story about real Girl Scouts by Edith Ballinger Price; and—because you asked for one—a story by Adele de Leeuw.

And, of course, those thrilling instalments of *The Laughing Princess* by Mabel Cleland. Ever so often, an editor receives a story which, in her opinion, is extra nice. And *The Laughing Princess* is just such a one. You will tell us if we are wrong but really, now, don't you agree? Isn't there a fascinating something about Rosamond Bolton and her adventures? Please be sure to read this story to the very end.

This, ahead of all, promises to be the most exciting and
worthwhile year ever enjoyed by THE AMERICAN
GIRL. Be sure that you share in it!

Along the Editor's Trail

NOT long ago, I went to an amazingly good play. It had a fine idea behind it; its characters were real human beings; its lines sprang easily and naturally from the situations. All in all, it was one of those plays that would-be playwrights dream some day of writing but seldom

do—spontaneous, wise and witty, a rich and true commentary on contemporary life and modern manners.

Coming out of the theater, I walked behind a woman and a man.

"Good play, wasn't it?" he said.

"Y-yes—I enjoyed it," she replied doubtfully, "but it can't compare to ——— (naming a pompous, inferior work across the street). That's real drama with meat in it. This is only a comedy. Why, I laughed all the way through."

Only a comedy! Some of the greatest truths come to us on a tide of laughter if only we are able to recognize them. Mark Twain had more of authentic comment on life in his works—even the most humorous of them—than a hundred stuffy, solemn sermonizers of his time. But it is unfortunately true that many people hold the same idea about plays and books as Mrs. Theatergoer seemed to hold. This piece has humor in it?—then it is nothing from which one can learn anything. This book is written in a light, amusing vein?—then it can't compare to that book, which is solemn and weighty in style.

It isn't always true that the books which seem the



most serious have in them more of what the lady called "meat"—an unpleasant word, to my mind, as applied to literature—than others which are more amusing and more interesting to read. Sometimes these pretentious tomes are just words "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Sometimes, too, of course, the lighter, more amiable volumes contain nothing much worth while. But at least we should guard against the "fetish of portentousness" which carries with it a patronizing attitude toward humor—an attitude, much in evidence, by the way, when a satirical musical play instead of a calamitous tragedy or a ponderous problem play was selected last year for the Pulitzer Prize. Because it was funny, many people couldn't see how it could deserve such an honor.

We should learn at all times to discriminate intelligently, between what is really deep and searching, and what just pretends to be, and to stop a minute and think before we decide that an idea presented humorously is not an idea at all. For many of the most famous philosophers were also wits and there is sometimes more truth contained in an epigram than in a long and sober treatise.

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
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APPARENTLY the more you have to do, the more time you have, because in the last month, or since school began, the number of letters you have written to the *Well, of All Things!* page has increased a great deal. We received more letters on the September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* than we have in a long time, and nearly half of them were about the beginning of *The Laughing Princess*, which almost every one of you liked.

Well, of All Things!

JUNE LETLOW of Temple, Texas says, "I couldn't resist writing you about *The Laughing Princess*. I think it is very good so far. It is the best serial I have read in the magazine for two years, and Marguerite de Angeli illustrates it to perfection. I can hardly wait for the next issue." "My letter this month is to be full of praises," writes Glenn Phifer of Sanatorium, Mississippi. "I liked the first instalment of *The Laughing Princess* immensely and can hardly wait for the next one. I'm so glad to see another story by Mabel Cleland."

MABEL CLELAND'S new story, *The Laughing Princess*, is ideal," writes Barbara Williams of Maplewood, New Jersey. "Although the type of story is different from her usual ones, it suits me." Frances Salley of Asheville, North Carolina says, "I think the new serial is just grand, although I don't believe it could be any better than *Vagabond's Ward*." "The *Laughing Princess* has one of the most charming beginnings I have ever read in a serial," writes Louise Running of Minneapolis. "I know it is going to be good."

I RECEIVED my September issue this afternoon and immediately fell in love with *The Laughing Princess*," writes Phyllis Reynolds of Burlingame, California. "I think it has a grand beginning and somehow I feel it is going to be very exciting. I don't think any history-loving girl with a vivid imagination could help but appreciate Mabel Cleland's English story."

OUR new page of patterns and the article on neckwear proved to be very popular, too. You will be glad to know that the patterns will appear every third month, after this. Martha Jungerman of Bowling Green, Kentucky writes, "I was greatly pleased with the new pattern department, especially the collars and cuffs. I am planning to make some soon for myself." "I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost two years," writes Grace Gloe of Two Rivers, Wisconsin. "I'm getting my clothes ready for school and found that the patterns in the magazine were just the thing I wanted. The article on attractive neckwear was so interesting that I read it twice

and decided to make a set right away." "I think the idea of patterns is grand," says Eleanor Mosier of Bogota, New Jersey. "It's so nice to have patterns in a magazine that are for girls alone and are so reasonably priced." "The new fashions page is going to prove very helpful, I know. I am going to make several of the collar and cuff sets illustrated," says Irma Arnold of Chicago. Alice Worsley of Burlingame, California writes, "The new fashion section is a good idea and the dresses and neckwear darling. I have a plain wool dress that is going to benefit one hundred per cent by those collars and cuffs." And Betsy Parkin of Bound Brook, New Jersey says, "I just have to write and tell you what a blessing my September *AMERICAN GIRL* was. A good friend of mine designs dresses and had just designed a sport dress for me. The only trouble with it was the collar. It didn't suit me and I couldn't describe the kind of collar I wanted. Mother was out of patience with me and said that if I didn't hurry and decide on a collar I could go without the dress. And then came my *AMERICAN GIRL*, and the information about neckwear. It certainly was a life saver for me. I chose the circular collar pictured in the magazine and it looks simply swell. I wore my dress for the first time today, and several people mentioned how much the collar and cuffs added to the dress."

NEIGHBORS in the Woods and *Always Trust Your Luck* were just about equally popular with you. We've had loads of letters about both. Elsie McKibbin of East Lansing, Michigan writes, "The Cynthia stories are just fine, so peppy and merry we must have more of them—and especially with those illustrations by Ruth King. I've already read Erick Berry's book, and so I was awfully glad to read the latest news of Cynthia, an old friend of whom we hope to see more." Peggy McMahan of Ely, Minnesota says, "Let's have more of Erick Berry. I love Cynthia, although I've just become acquainted with her."

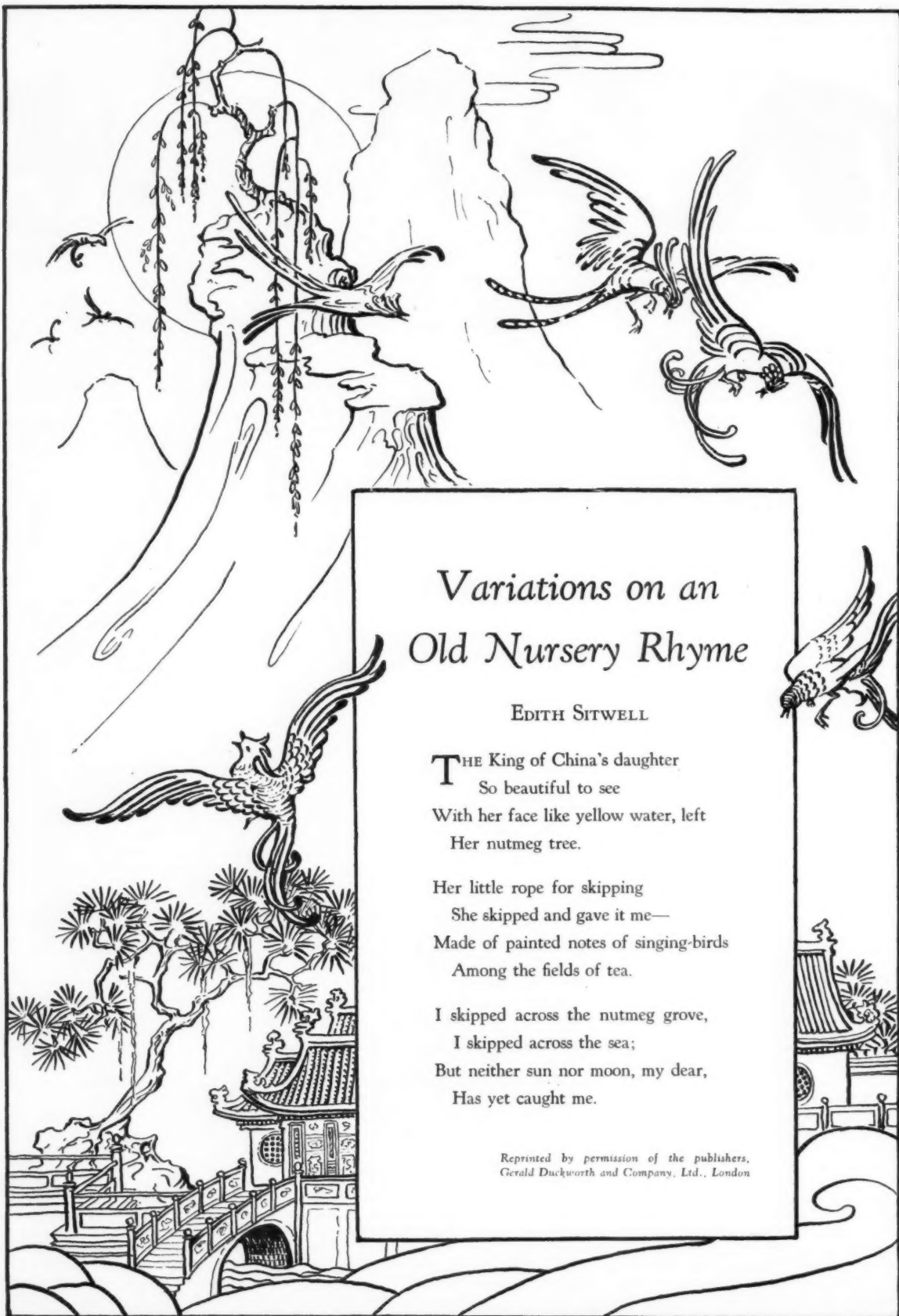
ERICK BERRY'S story was splendid," writes Mary Vicari of Ansonia, Connecticut. "I hope that more of her stories

will appear in future issues." Marcia Walton of Madison, Wisconsin writes, "I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the September magazine. *Always Trust Your Luck* was great. Cynthia wasn't one of those girls who depend upon rich relatives—she depended upon her own ability. Let's have some more stories by Erick Berry."

MY FAVORITE short story published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was the Cynthia story," writes Adele Weiss of Brooklyn. "I was glad to find it in this month's magazine. Last week I got a book from the library, a collection of Cynthia stories. Once I started reading it I wouldn't put it down until I reached the last page. Even then I wanted some more stories, so *Always Trust Your Luck* was especially welcome."

CHARLOTTE WATKINS of Detroit writes to us especially to tell us how much she liked *Neighbors in the Woods*. "I just finished reading Mary Dickerson Donahey's story," she says, "and I think it is the best in several issues. I love stories of girls like Trudy. By all means let's have more by the same author. The illustrations were perfect." Marion Lippincott of New York writes a postscript on a letter she sent us, telling how much she liked Lucile Marsh's article. "I just read *Neighbors in the Woods*," Marion writes, "and I had to open the envelope and tell you how much I liked it, it was so good. I think it rivals the Jo Ann and Scatter stories. I hope you have lots of stories by Mary Dickerson Donahey."

ELEANOR LARSON of New Britain, Connecticut writes, "I simply had to let you know how tremendously I enjoyed the September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It's awfully hard to decide which story I liked the best. But after thinking hard my choice is *Neighbors in the Woods*. Although I put this story first, the others are all close rivals of it. I especially admired Ruth King's illustrations for *Always Trust Your Luck*. I wish that she would illustrate more of our stories." Margaret Taylor of Red Wing, Minnesota says she didn't care for *Neighbors in the Woods*. "I don't think anyone would be so foolish and selfish as not to let Trudy be friends with Thyra right away," she writes. Phyllis Tumberger of Milwaukee, Wisconsin says, "When the story by Mary Dickerson Donahey came along in this issue, I was so enthusiastic that I sat right down to write after I had finished the story. I think it was the most interesting story *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has published since I started to take it. I wish Mrs. Donahey would write more like it for the magazine."



Variations on an Old Nursery Rhyme

EDITH SITWELL

THE King of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.

Her little rope for skipping
She skipped and gave it me—
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.

I skipped across the nutmeg grove,
I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun nor moon, my dear,
Has yet caught me.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

NOVEMBER • 1932

The Painted Room

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Illustrations by
Robb Beebe

MARCIA ALLEN leaped down off the porch chair and put her hands into the pockets of her yellow, cotton work-pajamas. "There! That's a pretty handsome tea room sign," she said to old Mrs. Barrison, the wife of the farmer who farmed on shares for them. "I worked hard to get that painted before Jessie got home from the library."

"I s'd think you'd be ashamed to bring up that you had Injun blood," said the old lady, disapprovingly eyeing the sign right over her head. "Not to say that fall's pretty late to start a tea room."

The sign said "The Indian Princess Tea Room." On it was painted, by Marcia's clever sixteen-year-old hands, an Indian girl in costume, holding rather incongruously an offered tea cup.

Marcia was used to answering Mrs. Barrison's objections. She tossed back her short yellow curls and shook her head.

"Not at all, I'm proud of it—if it's true," she said. "Anyhow it is two hundred years back, and as for it being late to start a tea room, there are plenty of tourists in the fall, and they'll tell people for next year. You know we've just managed to get enough money together to buy the chairs and tables and provisions."

"You're a pretty bright girl," said Mrs. Barrison—which was high praise from a taciturn Connecticut farmer's wife. "I'll go in and git you a cup of tea for Jessie, she'll be tired, and who knows, you might have a customer? It's a pretty day."

Marcia herself had water boiling, cake made and bread and butter ready on the chance of those possible customers. She didn't suppose any would come, this first day, but her heart was beating with excitement. Things were going so well! Her elder sister, Jessie, was well enough to work, which had not been the case for some time. And she was in charge of the little village library. Marcia herself, with the help and encouragement of her best friend, Eileen Chase, had turned the porch and "keepin' room" of their



"THERE! THAT'S A
PRETTY HANDSOME
TEA ROOM SIGN!"

ancient farmhouse into a tea room. Eileen, and perhaps Eileen's brother Tom, were coming up over the week-end to help her through the first exciting three days. It was a stimulating, exquisite day, with the fresh tang to the air which fall has in the Berkshires.

Marcia dived into the house, to change her paint-stained pajamas for a fresh blue cotton dress and fresh ironed organdy apron. She was a small, slim, pretty girl, with blue eyes which had lost their usual sad look, caused by too much and too early responsibility, in the pleasure of her new venture. As she came out again with a tray full of tea things, she heard the chug of Jessie's little Ford being run up the side yard.

"Welcome, first customer!" she said gaily. "Sit down, Jessie darling,

and be a decoy. I'll get you some tea immediately."

Jessie, a taller and less vivid copy of her younger sister, dropped into her seat at the red-painted table with what tried to be a smile. She put her hat and the evening paper down on the floor beside her, and looked across the state road at the trees which lined it, and the meadows beyond. She took the gaily flowered cup Marcia gave her and sipped her tea.

"I don't want anything to eat," she said. "You sit down too, dear, and have a cup. You must be tired."

"No, I feel on top of the world!"

"That's good. Tell me all about what you've been doing."

Marcia obediently took a cup of tea, and began eating rolled bread and butter with relish. She chattered on with unusual gaiety. Suddenly she stopped. Jessie, usually so cheerful, was answering her with effort.

"Something's wrong, Jess. What is it? Tell me. You must—there's only us two. Is anything wrong at the library?"

Jessie shook her head. "No."

"What then?"

"I suppose you might as well know. I wanted you to have something to eat before I told you—It's in the evening paper. The bank's stopped payment. Our money is all gone."

"Jessie! And we'd just managed to put in enough for the interest on the mortgage!"

"Yes."

"And this expense for chairs and tables and stores for my darn fool tea room idea!"

"It isn't a darn fool idea. You couldn't know this was going to happen."

Marcia, all her excitement gone, dropped back in her chair, staring at her sister.

"It may mean we'll lose the place. Oh, Jessie! We *can't*!"

"We mayn't. Something always has turned up. You have the most amazing luck, darling—"

They were stopped by the sound of another car running up into the parking place in the side yard. A dark, pretty little girl in dashing sport clothes, followed by a tall, slow-moving boy in plus fours, came up the steps and dropped down into chairs on the porch.

"The Chases are late. We were catching you a customer," said Eileen. "A woman who's death on Indians, and was all excited by the name of the tea room. You'll probably have to give her pemmican instead of cake." She kissed her friend, then stood back and stared at her. "Why the gloom?"

Tom, who said little and noticed much, had already picked up the local paper and glanced at the headlines.

"I was afraid of that," he said, handing it to his sister.

Eileen exclaimed, "Oh, Marcia! Just as you were so well out of the woods!"

"Well, we'll just have to go on," Marcia said bravely. "I've earned my living one way or another since I was fourteen, and Jessie's well now and has a job. It's the farm I hate to think of."

"But you'd hoped to save enough for college next year."

"Oh, well, never mind! Let's not think about it today!" Marcia said, putting her trouble away by an effort for the sake of her guests. Somehow the Chases always brought a feeling that things would come right; they did today. "When is your customer coming? We might sell her some Indian arrowheads, or exhibit Jessie and me as the last living descendants of Princess Red Bird!"

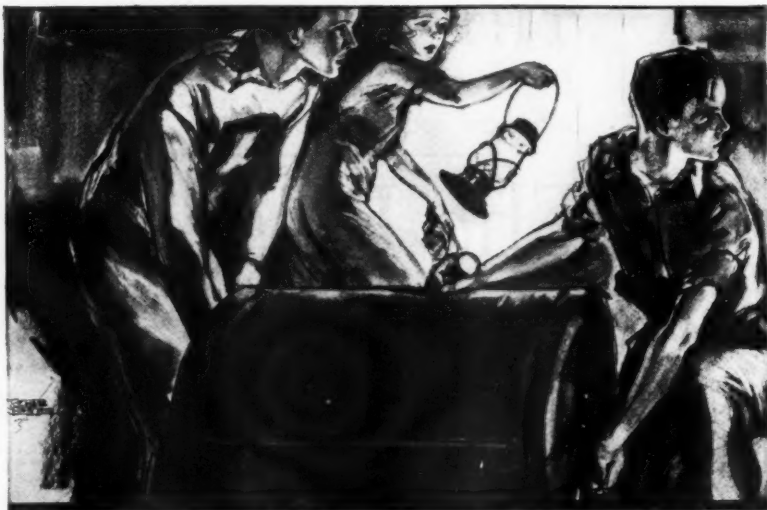
"Are you?"

"Our first ancestor, the one who built the beginnings of the farmhouse, did marry an Indian girl. It isn't considered good form to mention it, according to Mrs. Barrison. They still feel, around here, that Indians are unpleasant people who scalp you!"

Tom forgot his sophomore dignity enough to get up and utter a war-whoop and do a small dance.

"Tell us about her! Who was she? What was her tribe?" demanded Eileen eagerly, while Jessie slipped indoors with the remains of their tea, and began preparing more supplies for the coming visitor.

"Her name was Red Bird. The story is that she was very homesick at first, and so her husband painted the room she lived in with trees and put stuffed animals around, to make her feel comfortable. She must have settled in, finally, be-



SUDDENLY HER KNIFE SANK IN UP TO THE HANDLE. "EILEEN! BOYS!" SHE CALLED IN

cause she had eleven children and lived to be quite old."

"How exciting it is! And you never told us, all this time?"

"I always thought it was just a story. But I believe it really is true; Mrs. Barrison says so."

"And where is the room?" Eileen demanded, her brown eyes round and bright.

Marcia smiled. "There are fourteen bedrooms in this farmhouse, and they've all had time to be papered and painted about a dozen times since. Besides, that part of the story may not be true. The Indian marriage is, because it's in the town records."

"Now, see here, Marcia," Tom began earnestly. He was checked by the arrival of the other car—a handsome sedan, driven by a small, weather-beaten, eager-faced woman with flying gray hair and very workman-like dark clothes. She came up the steps.

"I see you're here first, children. Is this your friend? Good afternoon, my dear. The Chases have told you what I'm looking for, haven't they?"

Marcia, very dignified and courteous in her tea uniform, smiled. "Tea—and Indians, isn't it?"

"Tea would certainly do me all the good in the world. It's a long drive from Westchester. You might tell Marcia, Eileen, that my name is Barnes, and I'm interested in the Smithsonian Institution."

Marcia hurried in to get tea for her, and the three of them grouped around her while she ate and talked steadily on.

"I've come up here looking for the relics and traces of a lost Indian tribe. I'm working on a set of colored plates, costumes, dialect, everything else in the world. Do you—" she looked over her half lifted cup sharply at Marcia, hovering about her so graciously—"by any chance know anything about a tribe up here that used to be called the Keehad-das?"

Marcia smiled and shook her head. It was hard for her to be interested in all this talk. She could not forget the





GREAT EXCITEMENT. "COME OVER HERE!"

shock of the bank failure. But she tried to be polite.

"I'm afraid I don't. There haven't been any Indians here for a hundred years. These towns along the river used to be much bigger and more cityfied, a long time ago. The Indians all left or died. I only called the tea room 'Indian Princess' because my grandfather's great-grandfather married one."

"She wasn't a Keehada by any chance, was she? Tell me everything you know about her."

Mrs. Barnes was evidently one of those people who won't believe you don't know things.

"I'll tell you—my sister Jessie is the librarian here. She'd know all about any old books that might tell about Indians hereabouts. She can tell you about the town records, too." She called Jessie, with a feeling of relief.

"Do you need her here?" demanded Mrs. Barnes sharply. "If not, Miss Jessie, will you drive back to the library with me?"

Jessie, always gentle and complying, looked a little worried. "I may be needed here—" she began.

"Eileen will take care of things for you," said the lady, removing Jessie's apron and tying it unceremoniously on Eileen, who laughed and said, "All right." Jessie and the small brown whirlwind of a lady were off down the road in a cloud of golden late afternoon dust before the others could do more than look at each other and laugh. And of course it was on top of that that another group of motorists alighted and demanded tea and gingerale and buttered toast.

It was well on toward seven o'clock before Tom and Eileen and Marcia had settled down, Jessie had been returned, and Mrs. Barnes had whirled on in her car.

"Well—nine teas the first day! That's sompin', as Andy would say," said Marcia cheerfully. "Now come in and let's have supper."

"We'll have bacon and eggs and eat up the tea remains," Tom decided. "You're all too tired to have all the stuff you think you're going to have. I'll do the cooking myself."

The Barrisons lived and ate in their half of the farmhouse, and had long retreated to their own kitchen.

"Yes, let him," said Eileen. "He might just as well make himself as useful as possible." And after a protest or two they did. So much had happened that day. It was good to be taken care of a little. For years they had been used to having to do everything for themselves. They settled down to watch him cook.

But Tom hadn't the slightest intention of letting them rest. "Now, Marcia," he said firmly, when they were through supper and gathered around the fire, "do you and Jessie have to work all tomorrow morning to get tea stuff ready?"

"No-o. About two hours. Of course there may be lunches."

"All right, then, I'll wait until Monday. Or we can begin tonight."

"What on earth?"

"We're going to find Mrs. Barnes her Indian relics. We're going to hunt until we find your Painted Room."

There was an outcry. "Tom, you're crazy! What on earth—"

"Crazy as a fox. Marcia, Eileen, do you realize that Mrs. Barnes is a rich woman besides being a scout for the Smithsonian? It's all the fashion now for rich women to be explorers and geographers and archaeologists. They admire each other for it. They pay money for it," said Tom wisely.

"I don't see where there could be any—" said Marcia.

Tom stood up, back to the fire. "Let me tell you," he said, waving his hand at her, "that I said to Mrs. Barnes, 'What would you pay for the stuff you want about these Keehada Indians?' And she said, 'For costumes, for even a few words of their dialect, I'd pay five hundred red dollars!'"

They were all silent a moment, thinking of what the sum would do. Then Eileen said practically, "But then Jessie is the person to hunt for all that. There wouldn't be any plates or dialects in this house."

"There might be *something*," Tom said obstinately. "Anyway it would do no harm to hunt. Think what we have found in this house already! You didn't know there were those walled-up fireplaces. You didn't know there was that passage the Revolutionary soldiers made to the old mill that belonged to your grandfather. You didn't know—"

"That's enough. I give in," Marcia said. "You go ahead and hunt. And I do think it would be worth while for Jessie to see what old records she could find."

"We went over everything," Jessie said. "We only found what she knew already, that this town was the last known camping ground of the Keehadas. They were a small sub-tribe, they probably faded out of existence. However, there may be people here still who remember something. And I'll go through the oldest town records the next time I can get off." Her face brightened a little; she hoped more easily than Marcia.

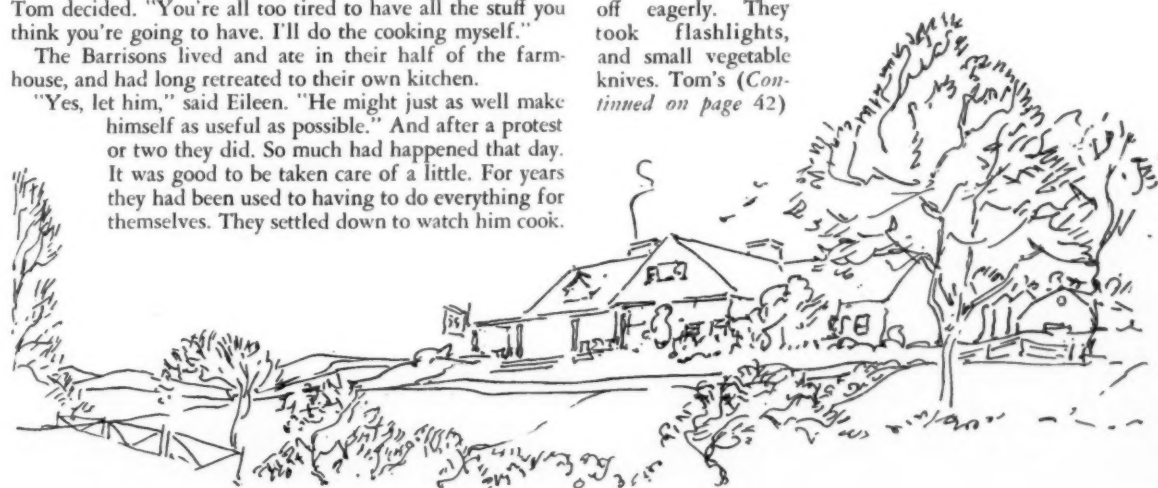
"I'll telephone old Ralph Percival, and we'll all four go at it," said Tom. Ralph was his chum, and Eileen's best friend, next to Marcia. "May I, Jessie?"

"Of course. We all like Ralph," said Jessie absently.

"We'll begin tonight then. Come on. Let's get ready."

Tired as she was, Marcia followed the brother and sister, as they started

off eagerly. They took flashlights, and small vegetable knives. Tom's (Continued on page 42)



I Am a Newspaperwoman

IT WAS late afternoon in the city room of the *Evening Bulletin* and activity

By MARION CLYDE McCARROLL

see and make others see more vividly than a man can do. Such assignments very often

had almost ceased for the day. Here and there a few typewriters clicked as reporters finished off routine odds and ends of the news for final editions, and telephones jangled intermittently as men working outside the office reported in.

But for the most part things were quiet. The day's work was tacitly admitted to be over, and those few members of the staff who still remained in the office on the bare chance of something important turning up at the last moment were putting in the time according to their respective tastes. Four of them had started a bridge game; in another part of the big, many-windowed room a couple were absorbed in chess; others, feet up on the desks and leisurely smoking, read newspapers. Even the managing editor in his railed-off cubicle at the far end was laying out cards on his desk in some elaborate form of solitaire.

Nobody expected anything to happen. Nothing ever *did* happen at that hour of the day on an afternoon newspaper.

At her desk in the corner, Mary Smith sat briskly tapping out a story for the first edition of tomorrow's paper. A stupid story, she would have told anyone who stopped to ask her—a piece about a garden club meeting which she had been sent to cover because the socially prominent ladies who composed its membership were making plans for a monster flower show for the benefit of something or other. One of those stories, she would have said also—with just a shade of resentment perhaps—that girl reporters invariably get, while the men draw the interesting assignments.

Suddenly an excited copy boy raced into the room carrying to the managing editor's desk a piece of paper torn from the news ticker. The newspaperman's expert eye took in the printed message at a glance. Then, with an unwonted edge of excitement even in his quiet voice, he called a few crisp words across the room that brought the lounging reporters to their feet.

"The Lindbergh baby is reported found dead!" he said.

In the fraction of a second, the sleepy room was galvanized into tingling life. It would take the best efforts of the skeleton force working at top speed to gather up such details of the shocking tragedy as could be obtained from any and every source and bundle them into a coherent story for an extra that must be on the street in the fewest possible moments.

This done, work must begin at once for a complete story for the next day's early editions, told from every conceivable angle that might interest a public, frantically avid for every scrap of information.

And so it came about that Mary Smith found herself, just two hours after she had sat at her typewriter silently deploring the dullness of a newspaperwoman's life, on the train for a little New Jersey town upon which the attention of the entire world was momentarily focused. Her job was to write the story from the "woman's angle," putting into it all the pathos and heartbreak which a woman is supposed to be able to

prove to be the lot of women reporters.

That time, Mary Smith got a break, as the popular saying goes. She was given the opportunity, so eagerly waited by all newspaper reporters but especially by women reporters, to work on a really big story. And it is the ever-present hope and possibility of just such opportunities that make the life of a newspaperman or woman so vivid, so fascinating and so spell-binding.

That and much more.

For beside that hope and possibility, there is the constant stimulation of being in intimate touch with the events of the day as they occur; of meeting and talking with people who are closely concerned in those events; of working in day-to-day association with congenial, entertaining companions in the newspaper profession.

These and countless other things are the magnets that pull young men and women toward newspaper life with an irresistible attraction and bind them to it with ties that are almost impossible to break.

"How can I get into newspaper work?" is the question that is asked every newspaper woman a dozen times a week by eager girls just out of school or college, or not yet out but looking hopefully ahead to the dream of a journalistic career.

And to that I always answer: There are three ways to get into newspaper work, and all of them require much hard work and infinite patience and persistence.

The first, and probably the most popular and most favorably regarded today, is to take a course in a school of journalism, of which there are many excellent ones in all parts of the country. Such a course gives the student not only a comprehensive understanding of, but also a thorough

practical training in, the technique of gathering and writing news stories, special articles, or feature stories as they are called, interviews, editorials and all other types of journalistic work. Frequently, students of journalism are able to obtain some small job on a regular newspaper while still in school, which not only supplements their study in a very practical way but is often the door through which they pass, upon completing their course, into a staff job.

The second method of approach to full-fledged newspaper work is to enter the office of a country or small town newspaper and learn the business from the well-known ground up. For where a metropolitan paper today will not take an inexperienced beginner and teach him or her the routine of the profession as they would in less strenuous bygone days, the smaller papers sometimes do just that. And as there is

not apt to be the formal organization in a small newspaper office that is found in the big city offices, where each person does one job exclusively, the worker on the small paper usually has a chance to try out the duties of each type of job and to find out which one makes the greatest appeal to

Being on a newspaper is the ambition of almost every girl who likes to write, so we asked Miss McCarroll, who is one of the most widely known New York newspaperwomen, to write this article about her glamorous profession and qualifications needed for success in it

her interest. Later, with such a background of varied experience, the reporter may come to the city from outside and stand a very fair chance of finding a niche into which she may be able to slide.

And the third method of making oneself into a newspaperwoman might be called "wedging one's way." This consists of taking any minor job—clerical, secretarial or whatever may present itself—that may be had and then watching like a hawk for an opportunity of begging a chance on the reportorial side. Many successful newspaperwomen have begun this way.

I am thinking, for instance, of the girl who is at present doing the fashion reporting for the woman's page of my own paper. She came as secretary to the managing editor, and being an exceedingly bright and ambitious

young thing, she proceeded to make herself so generally useful about the office that she presently found herself filling in here and there as a substitute when members of the staff were sick or on vacations. A year or so later, she fell heir to the Pet Column, a department of anecdotes and answers to queries from readers about cats, dogs, birds or other animals, which had passed from one hand to another in the office because no one could long endure what was considered the boredom of doing it.

But little Anne Neville looked upon it as an opportunity. Bringing her customary enthusiasm to the job, before long she had worked the column from its ignominious position of "orphan child"—one nobody wanted—to one of the most popular features on the paper, drawing quantities of letters every day from delighted readers. And "fan mail" on a newspaper is considered just as sure a sign of success as it is in radio broadcasting studios. Hence it is easy to see why, when the position of fashion editor became vacant, this girl was given the place.

She had taken no course in journalism, nor served any apprenticeship on any small town paper. She simply "wedged her way in" by being willing to take whatever came her way and show that she could make a success of it.

For myself, I combined methods two and three. That is



"NEWSPAPER WORK," SAYS MARION MCCARROLL, "IS A FASCINATING, ABSORBING GAME"

to say, I spent some months on a country newspaper—a weekly, as it happened—where I wrote everything from neighborhood fires and high school graduations to society notes and snappy paragraphs. Then, coming to New York and finding, as one usually does, that no reporting job immediately offered itself, I turned to the shorthand and typewriting which I had learned in a business course just after leaving college but had never made use of, and took the only position in sight on any newspaper—that of secretary to the editor of a daily business paper.

In that job I was thoroughly miserable for two long years. I wasn't expert by any means at either shorthand or typewriting, and all too often went through agonies trying to read my pothooks back after I had made them. But I

was in a newspaper office, where I wanted to be, even if it was only hanging on at the fringes, and I was determined to stick it out until my chance came. Finally it did come, but little by little. From time to time, more to silence my continual pleadings than for any better reason, I guess, the editor let me try my hand at reporting some meeting or other quite harmless event, and eventually, to my unbounded joy, I was released from the secretarial job altogether to become a regular reporter.

Assignments on a business paper, however, aren't very exciting, and writing about what was going on in the cotton goods market and attending conventions of shoe manufacturers began to pall after awhile. So I kept my eyes open for something more interesting.

I found it in the activities of women in business and the professions. It was quite thrilling, as I went about the city, to discover a woman managing a big lithographing company, or running a printing concern, or directing a department in a bank, or buying thousands of dollars' worth of goods for a department store. So, as a relief from the stories I was finding rather dull, I began to write about what women were doing in all kinds of businesses, and in the end—once again to my unbounded joy—I was relieved of other work and allowed to devote my entire time to (Continued on page 41)



Illustrations by
Gene Walker

“Engine-Divil”

FAINT and plaintive as a
redbird's evening call,
the whistle of the Big

By ESTHER GREENACRE HALL

Pine lumber train drifted through the late afternoon stillness of the Kentucky hills. Judy Martin, carding wool on the cabin porch, cocked her curly black head to one side. Yes, that was the train, coming back up Rocky Creek from its fifteen mile trip to Windsor town. In just a little while it would puff along the opposite side of the valley. Judy cast a quick glance at Gran'pappy Martin who sat asleep on a rickety chair, his head resting back against the log wall of the cabin.

"I'll just run through the wood to watch hit," she thought, laying down the wooden-backed, steel-toothed combs with which she had been smoothing out great fluffs of sheep wool. "Hit's been nigh a week since I've seen the train pass by."

She rose and hesitated on the edge of the porch, eyeing Gran'pappy's face. Like a sharp brown rock jutting out from a snow bank, Gran'pappy's severe profile stood out from among his white whiskers and beard. The old man was fast asleep. Noiselessly, on bare tiptoes, Judy stepped across the weed-covered yard to the picket fence which stood staunchly, if a bit wobbly, forbidding the forest to close in upon the tiny, one-room cabin. Cautiously she pushed open the gate. There was a faint creak and close upon it came Gran'pappy's high, quavering voice. "Judy! Judy Martin! Whar you a-going?"

She paused, brown fingers closed tensely around a picket. Slowly she turned and faced him, her gray eyes clouded. "I—I jest felt to see the train pass by."

Gran'pappy grunted. "Waal, you come straight back here. Fer-why you got to be everly chasing through the woods? 'Pears like you might pleasure in your spinning 'n' weaving 'stead of forever wandering 'round like some wild thing."

Judy dragged her feet through the warm dust of the yard to the hot shade of the porch. She sat down, picked up the combs and with slow, reluctant strokes resumed her carding.

"Ever since that train was put in here two months back you been everly fretting to watch hit. Trains are like the itch. They won't leave a body sot still. I allow fer ary load o' lumber that engine-buggy carts out, hit totes back two loads o' furrin idees so that folks hain't no-wise content lessen they got store clothes to wear 'n' canned goods to eat 'n' papers to read."

A wry smile twisted Judy's firm red mouth but she said nothing. Words were useless. And after all, Gran'pappy had raised her since she was just a chunk of a gal and he'd been good to her in his way. He simply couldn't understand her longing to see new places and learn new things about the world Outside.

"I jest wa'n't borned a stay-to-home gal," she thought ruefully.

The rattle of the empty flat cars could be heard plainly now. And above the trees a puff of smoke rose straight and slim, like a gay exclamation mark. The whistle gave a sharp toot-toot and then there was silence.

"Sounds like the engine stopped," muttered Gran'pappy and then glanced self-consciously at Judy.

But Judy was too busy pondering on the train's silence to notice the old man's unseemly interest. Flies buzzed in and out of the door. A hog lumbered up the steps and settled himself in the shade of the cabin wall. It was very hot and still and boring. And then a man's voice rang out as startling as a shot in the forest quiet. "Howdy, folks."

"Who be ye?" called Gran'pappy squinting his sharp black eyes. "I never saw ye before. What's your name?"

"I'm jest one of your own kin. Cousin Sam Martin."

"Cousin Sam." Judy sprang up, her small, gypsy-brown face alight with interest. It was seldom that any of Uncle Jacob's family from upcreek stopped by. And Sam, the eldest of the children, was a busy man for he worked for the Big Pine Lumber Company.

"How come you to be a-gadding 'round on a work day?" asked Gran'pappy severely.

Sam Martin threw back his shaggy, brown head and laughed good-naturedly. "You kin call hit gadding, but I consider engine-driving jest plain hard work."

"Engine-driving!" exclaimed the others.

"Shore 'nough. I drive the logging train now," Sam explained proudly.

Gran'pappy shook his head. "You're plumb silly in the head-piece to ride that roaring divil. Whar's the train now?" he added, peering about as though expecting to see it steam into the yard at any moment.

"Oh, I tied Engine Nell to the track," Sam laughed. "I promised Pappy I'd stop by to give you the news. A man from Laurel Run come over yesterday. He says your cousin Isaac is a-dying over yonder. Isaac wants fer you 'n' Pappy

to come see him right off afore he dies. Pappy is a-goin'."

"Waal, waal," pondered the old man. "I reckon hit's too far distant to Laurel. My legs are too trimblish to tote me far."

"Pappy aims to borrow two mules so as you can both ride. He aims to send the mules back by somebody else so's you and him can bide a while on Laurel. Hit's untelling when you'll ever git over yonder ag'in."

Gran'pappy's eyes shone. "I don't know as I mightn't go. Hit would shore pleasure me to see Isaac afore he dies. And I hain't been to a good funeralizing in a right smart time. I guess I might as well go along with your Pappy."

Sam stood up. "Judy, you come up to our place tomorry



"JUDY! JUDY MARTIN! WHAR YOU A-GOING?" CAME GRAN-PAPPY'S HIGH QUAVERING VOICE

and stay with we-alls whilst your Gran'pappy's gone. Now I got to git along back to Engine Nell. Bye, folks. Bye."

The noisy, easy-going life in Uncle Jacob's house was strangely different from the still orderliness of Gran'pappy's cabin. But by evening of her first day there Judy felt one of the family and was enjoying the tumult. Since the Big Pine Camp was but a mile farther upcreek, Sam lived at home.

"Ever been train-riding, Judy?" he asked as the family of ten crowded round the supper table.

She shook her head.

"Waal, I'll take you along whenever I go to Windsor town gin you feel to go."

Judy's black eyes shone. "La, that would shore pleasure me," she breathed.

Next morning when Sam brought the small, chugging train down from camp, Judy was waiting beside the narrow-gauge track. She backed off as it stopped and looked fearfully at the tiny engine, at the box car linked to the coal car and lastly at the five flat cars which trailed behind, loaded with great piles of logs. Two men were walking around on the piles, straightening slipping logs with long iron hooks.

"You kin ride with me," called Sam from the cab window. "You just climb up them little steps thar near Nell's tail." And he pointed a big, greasy finger at the flight of stairs at the end of the engine next the coal car.

Judy's heart thumped as she climbed up and peered into the cab. Sam sat beside his window. Before the firebox at the forward end of the cab stood a man with a soot-blackened face.

"Set right over thar," Sam said, motioning to a seat by the window opposite his own. "This here man is Nat Mathews, fastest fireman in all Kaintuck." Nat grinned modestly and began shoveling coal into the firebox with long, rhythmic swings.

"All set?" asked Sam.

"Yep," answered Nat.

Sam looked at a gauge high above the firebox. "Got good steam up, Nat." He leaned out his window and peered back at the flats, pulling a cord overhead with his left hand. "Toot-toot," he signaled to the men on the flat cars. Judy jumped at the blast, then sank back grinning self-consciously.

"Giddap, Nell," called Sam and pulled the long throttlebar before him. Engine Nell jerked forward. Behind them came a great creaking and groaning from the flats.

Judy stared, fascinated, at Sam's hand which rested so easily on the throttle bar. Evidently pulling that iron thing made the whole train move. Yes—there, Sam was pulling the bar more and the train was getting under way, going faster and faster, its wheels singing out a regular clickety-click.

Judy clutched the window ledge and peered outside. The train crept along but to Judy the speed was breath-taking. Gradually she began to relax and to notice things they passed—tucked-away log cabins with children waving from the steps and occasional mule riders on the creek trail that ran parallel with the track.

Sam peered over his left shoulder into the cab. "Like hit?" he shouted above the noise of the engine.

Judy beamed. "Fine," she called back. "I never thought to ride in an engine's innards. I reckon I feel as quare as Jonah did in the whale."

Sam laughed and Nat chuckled as he scooped more coal into the firebox.

It was noon when the train reached Windsor town. While the men unloaded the logs Judy wandered up and down the one street, marveling at the articles in store windows. Hurrying back to the train in response to three toots from the whistle, she found a grocery wagon backed up to the box car door. The men who had guarded the logs on the incoming trip were inside, each perched on a sack of flour.

"Mayhaps you'd favor riding in the box car going home," said Sam, who was helping to pitch groceries into the car. "We stop at nigh ary cabin to let off this stuff."

"Come on in and sot," welcomed a gray-bearded logger from his soft seat.

"Have a sack o' flour," offered the other. "Hit's lucky fer us we tote so many groceries back to Rocky Creek. I don't

know what we'd do without our soft seats these trips."

Judy jumped into the car and perched on a crate of canned goods. The box car seemed quiet and cool after riding in the engine. The train fairly leaped along, now that it had no load of logs. The two men took out plugs of tobacco and bit off large chunks. Their jaws moved in time to the turn of the wheels. Conversation lapsed. As the train entered Rocky Creek Valley it slowed down to drop its first grocery order. As the train halted, a man and woman ran up to the box car door.

"Howdy, Jim, howdy, Beth," called the elderly log roller. "Here's your salt 'n' your nails 'n' your can o' lye."

"Thanks be to you," Jim shouted as the train jerked on.

The stops were frequent now as people along the track signaled to the engineer. Once the

men in the box car left a sack of sugar instead of flour with one family. They yelled out the door to Sam who obligingly backed the train up so the exchange could be made. It was all very exciting to Judy. Never had she seen so many new faces or traveled so fast and so far.

During the next ten days the train made four trips to Windsor town and each one found Judy on board. Sometimes she sat in the box car but (Continued on page 32)

Growing Up

LOUISE LOWELL CHASE

WHEN I was young, I always wished to see
The silver strands that kept the stars in place;
The one who pushed the wind against the trees,
And sent them bending over like a reed;
The elf who made the fire we call the sun;
The knave who ate the moon each month until
It almost disappeared. Who baked another?

When I was young, I always wished to know
What could be here before the world was born.
Just space up to the sky? Then tell me how
We know where sky begins. Where does the rain
Begin to fall? What makes the world go "creak"
Upon a winter night? And is the frost
The thing that makes my breath turn thick like mist?

And now, when all has been explained to me,
I wish that I had never grown at all.
I'd like to be a boy like Peter Pan
Who must have seen the links that hold the stars,
Than be a person living in this world
Insisting, "Stars are bodies up in space,"
Instead of jewels hung on silver threads.

From THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest

Decoration by
Miriam Bartlett



1 9 3 2

Is It Interesting?

This acid test of a book, for all readers, whether they are young or old, is applied in this article to some of the best of this year's crop

IF EVERYBODY in this world of ours were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a

foot thick—and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are—then the whole of the human race—and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2,000,000,000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife—could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall, and called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him to give the unwieldy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a moment of crunching, a ripping, and then a low and softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash. . . . Then silence and oblivion! The human sardines in their mortuary chest would soon be forgotten. The Canyon would go on battling wind and air and sun and rain as it has done since it was created."

That leaves one a bit breathless, doesn't it? And it makes humanity seem terribly insignificant. And nature terribly vast. And we wonder what life is all about, anyhow. And then—reading on a few pages we come to this statement:

"The only hope for survival lies in that one sentence: We are all of us fellow-passengers on the same planet and we are all of us equally responsible for the happiness and well-being of the world in which we happen to live."

So perhaps we do count after all. And I defy anyone to stop reading that particular book until she finds out what it is all about. For it is the most exciting book I've read for a long time. And its title is *Van Loon's Geography* (Simon and Schuster).

Probably geography means to you a subject you have left behind you, a subject for small brothers and sisters. Hendrik Willem Van Loon doesn't agree with you, and you won't agree with yourselves after you've read his book. He makes you see that geography is all tied up with history and astronomy and geology and physics and literature and culture and most of all with that very creature, man, whom he

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS

seems to dismiss so nonchalantly in his opening paragraphs, which are quoted above. When you turn the

last page, with a sigh that the exciting adventure is over, you will echo his final sentence:

"But what," as Alice might have asked, "is the use of a Geography without a little Traveling?"

There's a vast amount of knowledge packed into the pages of this book. There's an amazing clarity of vision that makes it possible for the author to sort out his facts and present them so dramatically that one does not realize how much is there for the picking up, there's a delightful humor in presentation that makes an undercurrent of chuckles even when the subject is a profound one that would ordinarily result in knotted brows and intense concentration, and there are pictures—the publishers say about a hundred and fifty of them—which are revolutionary in character and conception, and utterly absorbing. Let me say again, it is an exciting book, for every age, and an adventure I should like to have had at fifteen or sixteen. So don't wait. Read it now.

And after you have read Van Loon, other books I am going to tell you about will mean a great deal more. We can't all experience life in all its aspects. Nor can we go everywhere and see how other people live. But we can widen our horizons and deepen our understandings by reading books that give us slices out of life, true pictures drawn out of a depth of understanding that comes with maturity. I'm talking now of grown-up books, but of books that have in them substance that will interest *you*—for after all, isn't the first requisite of any book that it shall be interesting?—as well as your parents, books you can share with them, or they with you, or that you can read to yourselves.

Last year Mrs. Blair introduced many of you, I hope, to a book which later won the Pulitzer Prize for the outstanding book of the year—*The Good Earth* by Pearl S. Buck. If you didn't read it then, read it now, and then read the sequel, *Sons* (John Day). Up to (Continued on page 40)



Jo Ann's Bandit

By ELLIS
PARKER
BUTLER

*Illustrations by
Garrett Price*

FOR A MOMENT JO ANN WAS PETRIFIED BY FEAR. HER FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT SHE WOULD RUN UPSTAIRS AND HIDE

IT was the first day of November. You must remember that because, if the day had not been the first of November, Jo Ann would not have had a bandit at all.

About the middle of October a letter came to Jo Ann from her Aunt Sue saying, "I would love to have you and a few of your friends, both girls and boys, come to Everton for Hallowe'en," and on October thirtieth Jo Ann's father loaded Jo Ann and red-headed Tommy Bassick and Wicky Wickham and Tommy's friend, Ted Spence, into his car and took them to Aunt Sue's house in Everton in the Berkshire Hills.

The next evening—Hallowe'en—Aunt Sue did have a grand Hallowe'en party with a dozen of the Everton boys and girls invited and it was one o'clock in the morning before the party was over. By that time a drizzle of rain was falling and freezing as it fell.

Very early in the morning—and this was November first, please remember—Aunt Sue went into the bedroom where Jo Ann and Wicky were sleeping.

"Jo Ann!" she said, pulling at the bed-clothes. "Wake up! I have just had a telephone message from Bannox saying that Mother is ill, and George and I are going to drive over there."

"Are you?" yawned Jo Ann sleepily. "All right, Aunt Sue."

"Jo Ann, wake up!" commanded Aunt Sue. "You're half asleep still. I want you to please understand what I'm saying."

With that both Jo Ann and Wicky sat up in bed, quite wide awake.

"I hope Mother isn't very ill," said Aunt Sue, "and I'll try to get home by noon because my bridge club meets here

this afternoon. Ardella will help you clean up the mess left by the party, and I want you to see that the bridge tables are set up in the living room, with the chairs in place at the tables, and if I do not get back by the time the ladies come they are to go right ahead. You or Wicky can take a hand until I come."

"I'm not too awfully suave at bridge, Aunt Sue," Jo Ann said.

"No matter," said Aunt Sue. "Do the best you can."

With that she was going, but she turned back to say, "And be sure to put coal on the furnace at noon. Ardella is so old she forgets, and it is going to be much colder today."

Then she did go, giving Jo Ann a kiss, and Jo Ann and Wicky jumped out of bed. They found breakfast ready for them and Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence already down and waiting. Ardella, Aunt Sue's aged colored maid, was hobbling around complaining of her rheumatism, and before breakfast was over she said she was "sufferin' too terrible to bear it no mo'," and Jo Ann told her to go up to bed again and she did, saying over and over, "Thank you, missy! Thank you, missy!"

Jo Ann and Wicky did the breakfast dishes while Tommy and Ted cleaned up the worst of the Hallowe'en party mess, and then all four set to work at the final cleaning, and arranged the bridge tables and chairs in the living room as Aunt Sue had asked.

All this while the drizzle had continued, freezing as it fell.

"Wicky!" cried Jo Ann, stopping to look out of the window. "Will you just come and see this! I never saw anything so beautiful in my life!"

"Oh, boy!" Tommy Bassick exclaimed, when he had taken a look. "I'll bet there'll be cars in trouble today."

Every twig and bough and bush was ice-covered and sparkling like millions of diamonds, and the ground was one sheet of shining ice. The limbs of the trees were bent with the weight of the ice. Everything seemed coated with glistening glass. Down on the road a single automobile was skidding from one side of the road to the other, slipping on its chainless tires.

"I don't believe Aunt Sue can get back," said Wicky. "I don't believe any of her bridge party can get here."

"But isn't it lovely?" Wicky said. "It looks like fairyland."

It did. Aunt Sue's house would be called a modest country home. It stood about two miles from Everton Corners, where the post office is, and the nearest house was a mile away—the Russmore Tea Room house that always had the sign in its yard: "*Russmore Tea Room. Prompt Service. Lunch, fifty cents; dinner, one dollar.*"

Aunt Sue's house was Colonial, all white with green shutters, and it stood about one hundred feet back from the road, with trees and bushes on the lawn. Behind it a hill rose, all forest with huge trees.

It was about noon when the telephone bell rang. The telephone was in the hall, between the living room and the dining room, and Jo Ann had been making sandwiches with Wicky while Ted and Tommy sat on the floor before the living room fire. Jo Ann hurried to the telephone.

"Hello!" a voice said over the wire. "This is Elsie Jennings. Is that you, Sue?"

"This is Jo Ann, her niece," said Jo Ann. "Aunt Sue had to go to Grandma's—she's sick."

"Dear me! I'm so sorry!" said Elsie Jennings. "I just wanted to say I don't believe I can possibly get to the bridge club today, the roads are so icy. I wouldn't dare drive the car."

"I don't suppose anybody will come," said Jo Ann. "I'll tell Aunt Sue, if she gets here."

"Please do! And—did you hear the dreadful thing that happened at Greenville last night? A bandit shot Tobias Long. Actually! A bandit in our peaceful Berkshires! He robbed three other stores—just simply held them up with a pistol and took their money—but Tobias Long was too slow or something, and he shot him right through the shoulder."

"How awful!" cried Jo Ann. "And at Greenville!"

"But my husband says they'll catch him," said Elsie Jennings. "He can't go far on these roads. He had a rickety old Buick car without chains. And, listen—if you see a car like that drive past, please telephone the post office at

Greenville. All the men are out trying to get the bandit."

"I will!" exclaimed Jo Ann excitedly. "I'll telephone!"

"It's a sedan car," said Mrs. Jennings, "and the man is youngish. He is wearing a dark gray overcoat and a darker gray cap. My husband says—"

And right there the telephone went

dead. The telephone wires were going dead everywhere, the wires breaking under the loads of ice that weighted them down. Jo Ann jiggled the telephone and called, "Hello! Hello!", but it was no use. The telephone was dead.

"Wicky! Boys!" Jo Ann announced. "There's a bandit loose right around here somewhere. Suppose he came here!"

"We'd capture him," said Tommy Bassick, grinning. "I suppose there's a reward for him. If he came here Ted and I would jump on him and tie him up."

"You wouldn't dare," said Wicky. "He'd have a pistol. Tell us about him, Jo Ann."

Jo Ann told them what Elsie Jennings had said.

"Anyway," she said in conclusion, "he's not apt to come this way. And you boys had better go to the woodshed and get a couple of armfuls of wood for the fireplace. That basket is empty."

The boys went obediently. Wicky went to the kitchen and Jo Ann straightened one of the bridge table covers that had been brushed askew. She was still doing this when someone stamped his feet on the porch outside the front door. He stamped two or three times heavily, and Jo Ann went toward the front door. She was wearing one of Aunt Sue's white aprons and she reached back to untie it, but the front door opened and the man came into the hall without so much as ringing the bell. He closed the door behind him and Jo Ann saw that he had a belt outside his overcoat and that hanging from the belt was a holster, and that the handle of a big pistol stuck out of the holster.

For a moment Jo Ann was petrified by fear. The man was young and he wore a gray overcoat and a darker gray cap, pulled low over his eyes, and there was a smear of blood on one cheek. Jo Ann's hand reached for the newel post of the stairs, and her first thought was that she would run upstairs and hide, but her feet and legs would not obey her. She could do nothing but stand and stare.

Coming in from the icy glare outside, the young man could see little in the comparative darkness of the hall, and he scowled as he pulled off his gloves.

"I want something to eat, and in a hurry," he said. "No matter what, but be quick about it, will you?"

With that, and without a "May



"SUFFERIN' TOO TERR'BLE TO BEAR IT NO MO'"



JO ANN YAWNED SLEEPILY. "ALL RIGHT, AUNT SUE"



AND THERE THE TELEPHONE WENT DEAD

thought was that she must not let Tom and Ted come in. The bandit might begin shooting. And when she thought of that she stopped trembling.

The bandit, when he had put his cap on the mantel, looked at the bridge tables and walked to the one nearest the window that overlooked the road. He took off his belt and laid pistol and holster on the table and took off his overcoat and laid it over a chair. Then he seated himself where he could look at the road.

"That's so he can see if anyone comes," thought Jo Ann.

She slipped through the hall to the kitchen where Wicky was trimming crusts off sandwiches.

"Wicky," she said in a whisper, "the bandit is in there. He's in the living room, and he's got a pistol, and he wants something to eat."

"Jo Ann! How awful! What can we do?" Wicky asked, white as a sheet.

"The best thing is to feed him and get rid of him as soon as we can," said Jo Ann. "We can't telephone anyone—the telephone doesn't work. And we must keep the boys out of there. What is in the refrigerator?"

"Lamb chops," said Wicky, looking in the refrigerator. "And boiled potatoes we can slice and fry. And bacon. And canned soup. And we can make coffee. Plenty of cake and stuff here."

"What's the soup?"

"Tomato."

"Heat some of it, Wicky."

"And here's apple pie," said Wicky.

"That's enough. You cook the lamb chops. I'll try to keep him talking, and we'll feed him in a hurry and get rid of him. I'm afraid to go in there, but I'll have to. He has a pistol on the table. I guess he's afraid someone may come to capture him. He sat where he could look out the window."

"Is he ugly looking?"

"No. Or, I don't know—not surely. I was too scared to see. He's youngish."

Jo Ann gathered some dishes from the dish closet and went back to the living room. The bandit was still staring out of the window, watching the road, and he did not turn his head. Jo Ann put the dishes on the table and added knife and fork and spoons and

I" or "With your permission," he walked past Jo Ann and into the living-room. Just as if the place were a public inn, he crossed to the fireplace and put his cap on the mantel. Suddenly Jo Ann found herself trembling as if she had a chill. If fear had frozen her before, it now shook her all over, but even then her first

a napkin. She hovered around the man uncertainly a minute.

"We haven't much," she said. "I can give you lamb chops with fried potatoes, tomato soup, coffee and apple pie."

"I don't care what you've got," said the bandit, "but hurry it. Get a move on, sister. Bring it along and don't waste any time. How much will it be?"

"How much?" asked Jo Ann, not understanding what he meant.

"The bill," said the bandit. "The expense. What's your charge?"

He took his purse from his pocket without waiting for an answer and put a dollar bill on the table.

"Take it out of that and keep the change for yourself," he said without taking his eyes from the window. "I'll pay now. I may have to get out of here in a hurry."

Jo Ann went back to the kitchen. Tommy Bassick was there, with Ted Spence. They had armfuls of wood and Wicky was telling them about the bandit.

"Watch your soup," Jo Ann said. "Don't let it scorch.

And I'll tell you boys what you can do. Go up the back way into the woods and down past the Russmore Tea Room, and if their telephone is working have them telephone to the post office at Greenville and tell them the bandit is here at Aunt Sue's. If their line is down, go on to Everton Corners and tell somebody there. Tell them he has a pistol."

"Say! We aren't going to leave you girls here alone with a bandit," said Tommy Bassick.

"Don't be a sil!" Jo Ann exclaimed. "He won't hurt us. All he wants is to be fed and get away from here as soon as he can. Hurry, now."

"Come on, Tommy," said Ted Spence. "It's the thing to do. We couldn't do anything to him."

They put down their wood and went out the back way, and Wicky dished the soup and Jo Ann carried it to the living room and placed it before the bandit.

"How about salt?" he asked. "How about crackers? And rush them, will you?"

"Yes. I'm hurrying everything as much as I can," said Jo Ann.

"That's the girl!" said the bandit. "Push the stuff along as fast as you can."

Jo Ann went for salt and crackers. She was able to tell Wicky now that the bandit was not ugly—he was quite good looking. She took him salt and pepper and crackers, and remembered bread and butter and got a plate of that, but before she had it ready he rapped on his soup plate.

"I told you to hurry things," he said rather crossly. "Bring what you have right along, will you? I've got to get going. Rush it, can't you?"

"I'll—I'll tell the cook," said Jo Ann, but when she went to the kitchen the chops were ready to serve, and Jo Ann took them to the bandit. He didn't seem appeased, however.

"I thought you said you had fried potatoes," he complained.

"Oh, we have! I'll get them right away," Jo Ann said, and as the coffee was ready she brought that also. The bandit attacked the chops as if he had eaten nothing for a week. She stood watching him and he said "Sugar!" as if ordering people about was a common thing with (Continued on page 34)



THEY HAD ARMFULS OF WOOD AND WICKY WAS TELLING THEM ABOUT THE BANDIT

If You Are a Small Girl

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell



HATS, GLOVES, SLEEVES, SHOES,
POCKETBOOKS AND COLLARS
LOOK BETTER SCALED DOWN



COMPARE THIS GIRL WITH THE
ONE AT THE LEFT. WHICH IS
THE BETTER DRESSED AND WHY?

ALMOST everybody loves little things. Little dolls are more fun to dress than big ones. Little animals are more amusing to play with. Miniature models of ships or furniture, gardens or cities call forth choruses of "ohs" and "ahs" proportionate not only to their perfection but also to their size.

Being little seems to be a generally desirable state. I've known lots of big girls who wished they were smaller but hardly ever a little girl who wanted to add an inch in either direction. It's fun to be little and most girls enjoy it.

Clothes for the little girl are much less of a problem than are clothes for the big girl. The latter in selecting her clothes details can make mistakes in two directions. She can get them too big and add to her bulk or she can get them too small and intensify her apparent size by contrast. The little girl, however, is hardly ever in danger of scaling down too much the size of her accessories. Her problem is usually to keep them from overpowering her.

Wide hats, deep collars, big sleeves, large sashes, broad belts, and heavy jewelry are all usually to be avoided if you are little. Surfaces should not be cut up too much by seams or trimming details. Large-patterned fabrics are undesirable and fabrics should not be so bulky that they will not drape or tailor easily.

From the standpoint of size all colors are possible for the small girl though, of course, there are always preferences according to complexion, hair and eyes.

Light colors, as of course you know, generally make people look larger than do darker shades. Small people should not mix too many colors in one costume any more than they should combine too many lines. They may, however, revel in bright colors so long as they do not try to wear them all at one time.

Hairdressings, as well as dress accessories, should be adapted to the little girl's size. Masses of hair should be thinned or shortened to bring the head into proportion with the body, and elaborate detail in the hairdressing should be avoided. Mary Pickford did a great deal for herself when she at last discarded the curls that her public had so long demanded and adopted a simple haircut which suits her face and her figure much better. She's a little person and

the curls were overpowering.

Though it's not quite so important perhaps as her hair, there's another detail of grooming that a little girl should be careful about—and that's her fingernails. They should not be worn too long but rather filed to follow the contour of her fingers. It's just another case of the right proportions.

Although the little girl can enjoy a greater color range than her bigger sister—and although there are many styles suited to her which would not do at all for the larger girl—there are naturally some types of clothes which must be avoided. Few people can wear well every sort of costume.

Strictly tailored, rather mannish clothes are too crisp and dignified for the really little girl. They suggest brisk, brusque competence which is distinctly not her line. If she wants to wear tailored things, she should look about her for milder adaptations. What the shops call the "dress-maker touch" gives her a tailored look with softened lines.

If you are little and yearning for the day to come when you'll be old enough to be very sophisticated indeed in trailing draperies or sleek, low-cut evening frocks, I must break it to you as gently as possible that these things have to be scaled down to your size. I know it's hard to recognize restrictions, but consider how many real breaks you do get. Think of your larger sisters struggling at the moment to reconcile themselves to the revival of the Victorian mode which was certainly not designed for the modern, athletic physique.

The time won't come for a long while yet—but it's just as well perhaps to be warned of it—when you'll have the problem of scaling your clothes not only to your size but also your age. Girls who are cute and little sometimes get the habit of going on indefinitely wearing the flapper things that may always be had in their sizes. Along about thirty or so this begins to be a little ridiculous. Fortunately, however, the shops are seeing this difficulty now and providing pleasant styles for the "little woman," adapted to her size, and adapted to her years. So if, as you get older, you grow sick of the sound of "cute" there's no need for you to merit or endure it. Without adding an inch or spoiling your type you can cultivate a little gracious grown-up dignity in your clothes and—though still little—look lovely.



THIS DRESSING TABLE AND STOOL WERE MADE OF FOUR ORANGE CRATES FOR LESS THAN TWO DOLLARS

A Dressing Table to Make

NOT long ago I saw a picture of a girl's room which had been redecorated for the sum

of eleven dollars. The room was very attractive but I felt that the dressing table, which was made of orange crates, could be improved upon. So I went to the grocery store and got four orange crates, bought some oilcloth and chintz, a paste brush and some tacks, and started in. It was not an easy job but it was worth the effort. Not only is the dressing table attractive and enthusiastically copied by my friends, but it is useful as well as decorative. Underneath the petticoat are six little cupboards. The two bottom ones may be given over to shoes, the two above to hats or lingerie, one of the middle ones to handkerchief, glove and stocking boxes, and the other to toilet accessories—cold cream, hand lotion, powder, manicure equipment, combs, and brushes.

The inside of the boxes was lined with pale yellow oilcloth and the outside was dressed up with a pale yellow chintz decorated in tiny scenes showing touches of green

By WINIFRED MOSES

and orange. If you decide to try making a dressing table, of course you can use any color scheme you choose. To

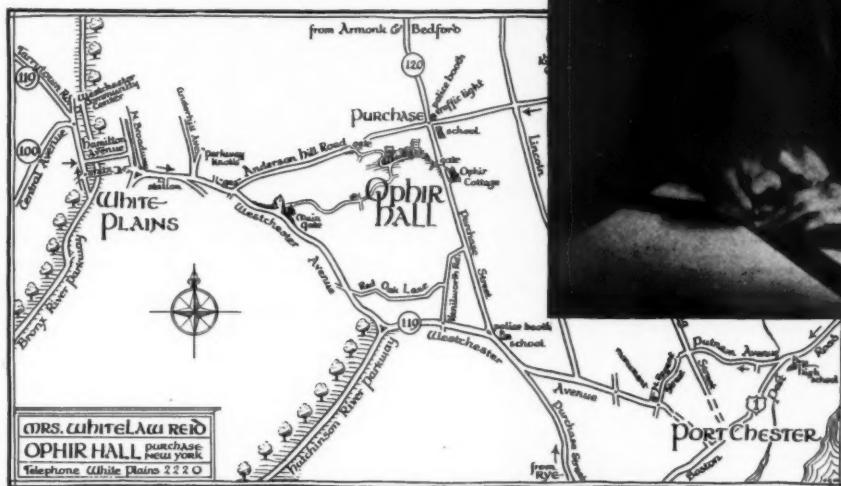
make it easier to follow directions I have written them out step by step. They fall into four parts: one, making plans; two, securing all the materials; three, lining and covering the cupboards; and four, making the petticoats.

Materials Required for Dressing Table

4 orange crates	\$.00
3½ yards of forty-five inch oilcloth at 18 cents a yard	.63
4½ yards of thirty-six inch chintz at 16 cents a yard	.72
2 packages of brass-headed tacks	.10
1 paste brush	.10
	<hr/> \$1.55

Before starting in, and as I have said making the dressing table is quite a job, make three quarts of flour paste and assemble hammer and nails, paste and paste brush, yardstick or ruler, scissors, a pile of news- (Continued on page 49)

Make Maps for Christmas



ABOVE IS JANET GAYLORD MOORE, WHO TOLD MISS COYLE HOW SHE STARTED MAKING HOSPITALITY MAPS FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS. TO THE LEFT IS ONE OF THE MAPS THAT SHE DESIGNED FOR MRS. WHITELAW REID

MAPS of your own home and countryside make Christmas cards that are tremendously attractive and distinctly individual. And it is lots of fun to make them.

First, I want to tell you about Janet Gaylord Moore of Wilton, Connecticut, whose maps have literally made her famous, and who was willing to share some of her secrets with you. Then we'll talk about the Christmas maps that you, yourself, can make.

Miss Moore's maps are designed to guide people to happy week-ends, weddings, parties, and all kinds of good times in the country. Printed on cards or small sheets of paper they are slipped into the letters or invitations of the thoughtful hostess whose home is in the country. And so they make the route clear and speed the arriving guest. And what fun people have following them by land, by sea, and through the air. Sometimes they are sent out as Christmas cards and serve the double purpose of saying "Merry Christmas!" and showing the way to the sender's home—an implied invitation for a visit.

Miss Moore began making maps in June, 1928, just one year after she was graduated from Vassar College. It started in a most unexpected way. A friend of hers was giving a charity fair and was puzzling over how people would find the way to her home. Miss Moore offered to make a map giving all the important information—showing the best roads from the different directions, the distances, landmarks, and the like, and suggested that the maps be enclosed with the announcements of the fair. She was immediately given the commission, and in addition she had a booth at the fair at which she took orders for maps, just as something to con-

By ANNA COYLE

tribute to the general proceeds of the fair.

The idea took. She received half a dozen orders and her business began then and there. With these maps as samples she had a good start, and she's been making her own unique type of maps ever since.

Naturally, I asked her to tell me just how she proceeds to make a map, when I called to see her in the New York office which she shares with her architect brother. It sounds so logical and simple when she explains all about it. She said: "I take my car and go to a house and approach it down all the different roads. I notice the distances on my speedometer and write them down. I make a note of signboards, and make sketches of landmarks, like schools where you turn right and churches where you turn left. Then I put all that together, with any available maps, such as road maps, government topographic sheets, and airplane photographs, if there are any."

With her big bulging notebook filled with sketches and notations, and sometimes after hours of research, she is ready for her drawings.

"I put all my material together in a preliminary drawing for a client and also try to make the map go with the character of the house and the tastes of the owners," she added. "If the house is Early American I make the map in the Early American feeling. If there are dogs, or horses, or other hobbies I try to include them. Thus I try to make each map individual and appropriate."

"My clients go over that sketch and offer any suggestions of their own. I give them my ideas for printing, type of paper, color of ink, and that sort of thing. Then I make the final design. That is the time when (Continued on page 48)

The Laughing Princess

"I CRAVE ONLY A LITTLE FAVOR, YOUR MAJESTY," SAID PRINCESS MARY



MASTER STANLEY took Rosamond home and she spent two weeks with her mother and brother—two weeks that seemed to fly past on butterfly wings.

She was in the garden saying goodbye to the red fox when Master Stanley came to take her back to Court. It was Hugh who found her seated on the close-clipped grass, the fox across her knees, her slim hands buried in his soft long fur.

"Master Stanley and his son are here," Hugh said, helping her to her feet and taking the fox and popping it into the pen so hastily that he got a nasty, reproachful look from the animal, which was vastly spoiled.

A servant had brought down her wooden box and she went to change her clothes and get her cloak. She was brave indeed until the last sad moment and then she thought her heart would break as she took leave of her mother.

William helped her to the pillion behind his father and then leaped upon his own brown horse and with a last salute they rode away toward London. Rosamond twisted on the pillion and watched the little house in the clearing until a winding road hid it from view.

Mistress Martha came a-running when a servant threw wide the heavy doors and flung her arms around Rosamond. And later the Princess came a-knocking and they fell into each other's arms like long-lost friends.

But the Princess's gay mood was a transient thing. She suddenly sprang to her feet and began to pace the stone floor while Rosamond watched her with saddened eyes, for she knew that the restless pacing always meant unhappiness.

"My heart has been overweary of late," Mary began. "I do not like to dim your return to Court but I have sorry news for you. At least I deem it sorry news for me and therefore think it must concern you, too. I am to be married by proxy to the French King tomorrow morning! It seems they cannot wait another day! My heart is overheavy for the hours of my freedom are so few!"

The Princess went on. "It is but a short time since I heard the news. My brother sent for me and he and that filthy son of a butcher, Cardinal Wolsey, told me they had arranged it all. The marriage is to take place tomorrow. And worst of all, Henry would have me feel that he is doing me a favor by making me become the Queen of France."

Rosamond knew not what to say for she knew there was naught that could be done.

"My heart is like to break," poor little Mary said like a small child. "I love Charles Brandon and I cannot bring myself to become this old French King's bride."

The door opened and Queen Catherine stood upon the threshold. The Princess stopped her pacing up and down and Rosamond joined her in a deep curtsy to the older woman.

"Arise," the Queen commanded in her sad voice. "I could not help but hear what you were saying

For what has happened so far in this story see page forty-eight

Rosamond accompanies the Princess Mary to France and meets King Louis, in this instalment of MABEL CLELAND'S historical serial

as I opened the door. I am truly sorry for you, sister, for I, too, was sent from home to a strange land."

Mary dropped upon a low stool near her sister-in-law who had seated herself in a stiff, high-backed chair, and she caught one of the long slender hands in hers. They were very fond of each other, these two women who were closest to the King.

"I know that you would help me, dear sister," Mary said sadly. "But the clouds around my head are dark. I cannot see the slightest opening."

Suddenly the Queen gave a soft exclamation of delight. "I have it! Your brother in his way when he has forced something to his will is greatly softened and now, if any, is the time to ask him for a favor. Tell him you'll wed the King of France providing at his death you will be free to place your love where it belongs. The King of France is old and ailing. You are young and strong, my sweet, and if tall Charles Brandon really loves you he will not mind a year or two of patient waiting! Come, is that not a goodly scheme?"

"Henry would not let me marry a commoner," Mary reminded her sadly.

Rosamond fidgeted in the chair and Mary catching sight of her out of the corner of her eye looked her way.

"Speak, little maid," she said laughingly, "or I fear me you will burst. What is it that makes you squirm like any eel?"

"Oh, could not the King, your brother, make Master Brandon a Duke?" Rosamond cried excitedly. "Then you could wed him!"

Queen Catherine and Mary looked at each other. "That's an idea. The child has spoken wisely. I think it could be done," Catherine said.

"Oh, if it only could be done. I would be so happy," Mary cried with shining eyes.

"Leave that part to me. I'll go and seek the King now," Queen Catherine said and rose to her feet. Rosamond sprang to open the door for her and the Queen swept through.

When she had gone Mary jumped up and ran and threw her arms around Rosamond.

"How clever of you to think of such a thing!" she cried. "Charles a Duke! Oh, it was a lucky day Fate brought you to me. You are right, then I could marry him if old Louis ever dies."

They heard the sound of the small man's deep bass voice announcing the coming of the King.

"He's coming here to talk about Charles Brandon!" the Princess cried.

The door swung slowly open and the King strode in. The Queen was close behind him and when her face was alight with animation as it was now, there was scarce a hint of the difference in their ages.

"What's this I hear?" he roared after the door had been closed in the peering faces of the courtiers who scented a scene. "What is it that you want of me?"

The Princess began to stammer and quake for there were times when she was very much afraid of her royal brother. But Catherine, who was standing

"A LITTLE FAVOR! THAT IS GOOD! COME, GIRL, OUT WITH IT! WHAT IS IT?"



Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

nearby caught her frightened eyes in the large mirror that hung above the dressing table and she said with silent lips, "Be brave! Make him grant our request."

Rosamond who was watching the Princess saw that she suddenly had one of her quick changes of mood and she almost laughed aloud as she saw Mary go toward her brother and dropping him a deep curtsy say in a mockingly sweet voice.

"I crave only a *little* favor, your Majesty."

"A little favor! That is good!" he said in a less angry voice. "Come, girl, out with it. What is this *little* favor you would ask?"

"You see, dear brother," Mary said standing meekly with her eyes fixed upon the ground as if she did not dare to raise them to his face, "I am going to marry the King of France—"

"And a wonderful marriage for a madcap like you!" the King interrupted her to say.

"And a wonderful match for a madcap like me," Mary repeated dutifully. "But, you see, my Lord, I am desirous in my heart to make a less desirable marriage—I want to wed Charles Brandon, and he swears that he will die of heartbreak when I go to France! Now, I know you would not want to have a murder on your hands, for so it will be if I do not give the poor man some encouragement. Something to help him through the weary days when we shall be parted. So I would tell him, with your gracious leave, that if King Louis dies—and he is very old, I hear—I shall wed Charles Brandon. Will you grant me this *little* favor, brother?"

"What's this!" the King fumed. "Is this the *little* favor you did want me to grant? You are mad!"

"Good!" cried Princess Mary. "If I am mad the King of France will have none of me and I will have none of him! Bear witness, Gracious Queen and little Rosamond! The King himself has said that I am mad! That leaves me free to marry a mad man and I choose Charles Brandon who must be mad to love a maid like me. Tear up the marriage contracts! And tell Charles Brandon to come to me!" She was pacing the floor wildly. There was nothing the King could do to stop her raving and finally his sense of humor got the better of him and he dropped upon a chair and began to laugh.

She stopped her pacing then and took her handkerchief from her eyes and peeped out at him. And when he saw her roguish eyes peeping at him he drew her to him and perched her upon his knee and the Queen drew a sigh of relief knowing that the storm was over.

"You are a vixen if I ever saw one!" the King declared. "Suppose I give my word and say that you can marry Brandon? What then? You know you cannot marry a commoner!"

He stroked her fair hair as he spoke and there was a tender light in his blue eyes for he loved her dearly.

The Princess sat up and turned around to face him.

"I had another little favor to ask you," Mary said in a low voice, her cheek flushed a little.

"Another little favor!" the King cried, almost dumping the girl off his lap in his agitation. "What is it? Do you want me to declare war on France and set Charles Brandon up as King? What wild notion is it now? A little favor! I trust them not!"

The Princess took a firmer hold around her brother's neck before she spoke.

"This is really a little thing to do for a loving and obedient sister," she said softly. "Oh, I know you are going to love to do it for me, Hal. I know it!"

Perhaps it was the use of the old nickname that few used nowadays, perhaps it was just a softening of his heart for the beautiful young girl who was his younger sister. Whatever it was, when he spoke again his voice

was kinder than it had ever been and he stroked her soft hair gently as he talked.

"What is it, sweet?" he asked. "If it is within my power I shall grant it for you."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for giving me your word that I may marry Charles Brandon," the Princess said in a low voice, fencing for time. "But that is such a gamble, brother, for Louis may not die before I do. There are rumors of his ill health, I know, but my heart may break from loneliness—" She gave a deep sigh that touched the King very much and made him draw her closer and pat her shoulder gently.

"There, there, little sister," he said. "You will have a happy time. The French Court is quite gay and I am sending this small maid with you because you asked it. You'll soon have friends there."

"Yes, I know, brother," Mary answered slowly, "but you yourself have said that Tudors love with all their hearts and souls and it is impossible for marriages to be for love instead of for the reason that an acre must be added to an acre or a city to a city, and I love Charles Brandon with all my heart and soul."

"I've granted you your little favor. Come, let's not forget that! And out with this other one you ask!" the King said.

"Well," Mary began, sitting up and beginning to twist a golden cord that was around the King's neck and which was attached to a golden whistle, "I think it would be nice if you made Brandon a Duke so he could marry me!"

The King almost dropped her from his lap in his vast surprise!

"Make Brandon a Duke! You *are* mad—" but he bit the last word off, remembering how his sister had been acting before.

"And why not?" Mary said. "There'd never be a handsomer one—or one more loyal!"

Even as she spoke there came a soft knock on the door and when it opened Cardinal Woolsey glided through. The King turned to greet him and Mary and Queen Catherine and Rosamond all rose to drop a curtsy.

"Hear this, my sister's newest plan!" Henry cried. And proceeded to tell what Mary had requested.

Woolsey listened with his head bent and his hands folded quietly before him. When the King had finished he smiled.

"I think that can be done, your Majesty. It is a small favor to grant a loving sister—Yes, it can be done."

Henry only looked from one to the other.

"Are you in league against me?" he demanded.

But the Cardinal only shook his head and with a deep bow turned and glided from the room again.

Henry soon followed him, declaring he had never heard the like of anything to match his sister's and the Cardinal's folly. But when the door had closed behind him Mary flew and threw her arms around Rosamond and hugged her and then kissed Queen Catherine, too.

"I think he'll do it!" she cried. "I think he'll make my Charles the Duke of Suffolk!"

And later that evening, as the girls were on their way to bed the news was brought to them by Mistress Martha.

Charles Brandon would be made the Duke of Suffolk!

CHAPTER VI

Mistress Martha called Rosamond at six o'clock on the morning that Mary was to be married by proxy to the old French King. Four servants carried in a tub of soft rain water and Rosamond took a leisurely bath, then dressed herself in the lovely frock that had been made especially for her as she was to attend (Continued on page 44)



Illustration by Decie Merwin

I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE SUCH FUN TO GO TO SCHOOL WITH LOTS OF OTHER GIRLS, BUT IT ISN'T AT ALL!

"I Am a Girl Who—

was always so afraid of being a bore that I made myself miserable and everyone around me uncomfortable by constant self-consciousness"

HAVE you ever known a girl who could sit through a bridge game for three hours and say nothing but "I pass?" Have you ever known a girl who would let every topic of conversation you might start die before you could think of another thing to say? Then you know what I was like six months ago and what kind of reputation I had in Garrison High School.

But how unhappy I was the first four months of my stay at Aunt Caroline's and how I dreaded going to school every day, where I would have to meet girls and talk to them, only I can really know. Perhaps it was because I had never gone to a regular school before—you see my father is an officer in the United States Army and we've traveled so much that I've always just had a tutor. But when I was ready for high school, Mother put her foot down and said that my education had to be carried on in a regular way. And so I came to Aunt Caroline's. If I had known what misery I was coming into, it would have taken Father and the whole army to get me here.

Now that the misery is over and people have ceased to avoid me like the plague for fear I won't do anything to make the situation comfortable, I have courage enough to tell the whole story. The end of this confession is for every girl in the whole world who feels she can't talk to people. The rest of the confession is a plea to the girls who *can* talk to be patient with us when we enter new groups where we are complete strangers.

My diary really tells the story best, for to it alone I told all my troubles during those terrible days. I begin with the first disaster:

October 5th

I'm so unhappy. I've beaten my own record for long sustained silence. If something doesn't happen to me soon to help me overcome my excess of stage fright when meeting even the most harmless people I'm going to be miserable

for the rest of my life. It's terrible—I struggle and struggle to think of something to say and get more and more uncomfortable. Then I notice the person I'm talking to begins to get uncomfortable *for me* and I get bothered more than ever. I don't see why nobody else ever seems to have the same difficulty.

I thought I'd die before I got away from that bridge game this afternoon. It was a "get acquainted" one in the gym after school, given by the English Club, for the new girls. I should have had better sense than to go! But I do so want to know girls here and have fun with them. It was dreadful, though. To start with, I was seated with three upper classmen. Think of it, *three upper classmen* to talk to at once. I was so frightened that I was dumber than ever and passed every hand all afternoon which made each successive partner furious with me. Why, oh, why are some people so dumb and others so amusing? The amusing ones never seem to have to work at being good company.

November 20th

I haven't confided in you in a long time, but I've got to get this out of my system now. I wasn't invited to the Thanksgiving Rally in the gym! Do you know what that means? It means that I'm beyond the widest circle of the social pale in Garrison High School! The juniors give it every year for the freshmen, and *every* freshman is invited if she seems civilized at all. It was that blasted bridge party and all because I can't think of bright things to say. I wish I were with Mother and Dad in the Philippines. I wish Miss Crampton were still tutoring me. I can talk my head off to her because she doesn't care whether my remarks are witty or not. But somehow I can't talk to other people. Everything I think of to say sounds so stupid when I think it over. I feel like such a terrible bore and then I get to be more and more boring. All is lost, dear diary, all is lost! I'll never have any friends at Garrison, I'm sure! (Continued on page 36)

To Fill Their

Girl Scouts busy themselves with study, hiking, cooking, and many sorts of work toward their goal. Of course, there is always time for fun to occupy pleasantly their leisure.



THESE TULSA, OKLAHOMA GIRLS ARE ABSORBED IN THE STUDY OF NATURE LORE



HERE ARE SOME GIRLS OF BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA WITH THEIR MARIONETTES



THESE GIRL SCOUTS ARE BUSY WITH "THE AMERICAN GIRL," AND ENJOYING, TOO, IT SEEMS



HERE ARE SOME NEW YORK CITY GIRL SCOUTS WORKING AT HANDICRAFT

Leisure Hours

...mselves with handicraft, nature
...g, community service and all
...ed Efficiency Badges, and, of
...s time for "The American Girl"
...their remaining spare moments



WORK FOR HER COOK-
ING BADGE KEEPS THIS
EAST ORANGE, NEW
JERSEY GIRL BUSY



THE PASADENA, CALI-
FORNIA GIRL SCOUTS
ARRANGED THIS EX-
HIBITION RECENTLY



COMMUNITY SERVICE IS A PART OF THE MANHATTAN GIRL SCOUTS' PROGRAM

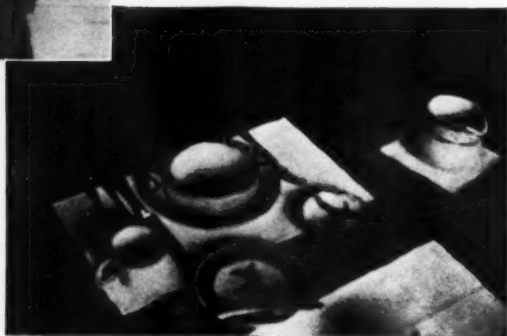


THIS PRIZE-WINNING DISH GAR-
DEN WAS ARRANGED BY A BROOK-
LYN GIRL IN A RECENT CONTEST



THE SKILFUL FINGERS OF THIS NEW YORK GIRL SCOUT FIND IN WOOD CARVING THE THRILL OF ARTISTIC CREATION

GIRL SCOUTS OF PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA MADE THESE DISHES AND THEN THEY DECORATED THEM WITH PRIMITIVE DESIGNS



Their Mastery

These Girl Scouts put into the forms they fashion, tin, or the less tangible art that comes in the

"This group appointed a chairman and secretary who made a contact with local picture developing and finishing studios, made appointments for the girls to visit these studios and to hear talks by operators

Try Making Your Own Pots and Pans

Norma Tompkins of South Orange, New Jersey writes about some useful handicraft her troop undertook.

"At the suggestion of our local director our troop took over the task of making cooking utensils for the Orange Hobby Show. As most of the girls who were interested had already signed up for an overnight hike, we decided to work on our exhibit at that time. When everybody was busy at something or other it proved no task at all but a pleasure instead, and everyone emerged without too many cuts to spoil her fun.

"Rain greeted us on the first day of the hike and we were very thankful that we had so much to do on our 'depression' exhibition. You may wonder at the name but not for long when I tell you that for only forty-five cents we made enough to cook a full course meal. One of the articles that turned out most successfully was a reflector oven. We have definite proof of its usefulness because we made thirty delicious biscuits for breakfast, with its help. Other objects which emerged from seemingly useless tin cans, with the help of pliers and hammers, were ladles, cups, spoons, sieves, pancake turners, frying pans, saucepans, mixing bowls, pancake ovens, water carriers and even a double boiler. To finish up the exhibit we even made a fireplace, a dish drain, very useful pot holders and dish cloths. String for the last three mentioned were our only expenses."

Why Not Have a Demonstration?

Priscilla Lima of Lynn, Massachusetts writes to us about an exhibit and demonstration Lynn Girl Scouts had last year during Community Chest Week.

"The Girl Scouts had two large windows in one of the biggest retail stores. Different girls were scheduled to come to the store at certain times and demonstrate Girl Scout activities. The first window was fixed as a scene in a small bungalow. Part of the time two girls sat near the table sewing signal flags, while the remaining time was occupied by two other girls who took turns at table setting.

"In the other window, instead of a regular demonstration, a little skit took place. The scene was laid in a summer camp. Pine trees were placed in various places, and pine twigs covered the floor to give the woody effect. In one corner was a tent, around which was strewn various camp equipment such as folding water pail, cooking utensils, ax and signal flags. In fact, there was everything that would be in a real week-end camp, including food. In front of the tent was a fireplace which the girls had made by placing stones side by side to form a semi-circle. In this were tiny twigs and chopped wood. About a foot

NOW THAT fall has come and days are short, Girl Scouts have many opportunities for handicraft, for music, art, dramatics or whatever they happen to find most interesting. Everybody likes to make things, especially if she can save money by doing so. Glenn Willard of Wilmington, North Carolina writes to us about how the girls of her troop made their own uniforms.

"When it was announced by our captain that we were to have an opportunity to make our uniforms, the news was met with whoops of joy from Troop One. Several of the girls in our troop had uniforms and the others wished to have, so we were very much excited over the new idea.

"A sewing machine company in town said that if we wanted to use their machines in the store, they would be glad for us to do so and that they had an instructor who would teach us how. We decided to take advantage of this offer and our captain ordered the material for us. We thought it would be a very easy job, but we found that working on the stiff cloth was a little harder than we had anticipated, and when we came to the pleats on the back and sides some of us almost gave up in despair, but with the help of our sewing teacher we finally finished the work. It took us about six days. Now we have uniforms of which we are very proud, and which we hope soon to have covered with merit badges."

This Photographers' Club Is Busy

Mrs. William Talley of Atlanta, Georgia writes to us about the Photographers' Club Atlanta Girl Scouts have, and its organization.

"In celebration of National Picture Week, a group of Atlanta Girl Scouts met at headquarters and organized a Photographers' Club to study the best methods in making and finishing kodak pictures as well as the appreciation of drawings.

there. In small groups the girls went out photographing, and then visited the studio to see experts develop and print their snapshots.

"The club met on alternate Wednesdays all fall. One afternoon three Boy Scouts were guests. These boys had just received their Photographers' Merit Badges. Another meeting was held at a public park, where the girls went immediately after school, equipped with picture machines all the way from folding Brownies to cameras on tripods, to study outdoor photography, particularly landscapes, water scenes and animal life. Each girl took a picture of the cyclorama as an example of architecture and historical interest, scenes around the lake for landscapes and water views and the enclosure where deer, peacocks and pigeons were strutting about, for animal life.

"A number of attractive notebooks were made, and a better appreciation of composition in pictures as well as much real pleasure was received by the Girl Scouts in this club."

"The American Girl" Entertains

Evelyn Martin of Portland, Oregon writes about a lovely evening enjoyed at camp.

"One warm evening in July the Dramatics group invited everyone to the Little Theater just before campfire. I might say that the Little Theater is a lovely outdoor spot where plays and skits are presented. We gathered there to see one of the cleverest playlets given at camp.

"We saw old-fashioned girls and modern, tall girls and short, gay costumes and drab. And each character begged us to find her story in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Such a bustle as there was as each patrol racked its brains for stories that the characters represented. At last we placed everyone and dashed for campfire much elated because we knew our AMERICAN GIRL thoroughly."

and Skill —

be they objects of clay or bronze or even spoken word or the song that's sung

away was a pile of unchopped wood, all ready for chopping, with an ax near by.

"Three girls in camping uniform sat on the ground learning the tenderfoot trail signs. One, while kneeling, pretended to fall and break her arm. The others came to her aid and one signaled in Morse code 'Come at once.' Another Girl Scout came in the window and put the girl's arm in a sling. This small play was repeated over and over and attracted much attention from outsiders."

These Girls Gave a Musical Program

Fayetteville, Arkansas Girl Scouts all took part in presenting a program during Music Week. Dorothy L. Seamster writes to us about it.

"The program took place at the high school, and songs and dances representing each month of the year were given. January was represented by six Girl Scouts singing a New Year song. For February, two girls costumed as George and Martha Washington danced a minuet and sang. Two girls in costume sang *My Wild Irish Rose* for March. April had a spring stage setting, a Girl Scout singing a spring song as a solo, while another Girl Scout, who is a talented dancer, danced a solo. For May we had a May queen with six attendants, all singing, and much the same thing for June. Miss Columbia appeared on the stage for July, while *The Star Spangled Banner* was sung.

Four Girl Scouts sat around a fire and sang, for August, while for September several girls carrying books skipped on and off the stage singing *School Days*. For October all the troops were on the stage, singing the Juliette Low song. All the troops were on the stage again, singing *Father We Thank Thee*, which is our grace at all Girl Scout meals, for November. And for December one of the girls, dressed as an angel, told in pantomime the Christmas story, while *Silent Night* was played on the piano."

This Patrol Gave a Play

Ruth Haskins of Bellaire, New York writes about a play her patrol gave recently based upon the legend of *The Diamond Dipper*. "It was about a girl who, because of lack of rain, had to walk miles for water. When she found some, she gave most to a thirsty dog. This changed her tin cup to silver. Then, when she gave some to an old servant, her silver cup turned to gold. Finally a stranger requested the last few drops. When she gave them to him her cup turned to diamond and rose to the sky."

Springfield Girl Scouts Are Musicians

Springfield, Missouri Girl Scouts have an exceptionally

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

HELEN JONES of Wayne, Nebraska is our Star Reporter this month. She writes to us about the Wayne Girl Scouts' part in Music Week.

"For a number of years, the little city of Wayne has furnished elaborate programs throughout Music Week. Each year the Girl Scouts have taken some part in these activities, but last year we were privileged to aid in such a program, but one which was also a benefit for our organization. The Wayne Woman's Club furnished one of the outstanding Music Week programs, a pageant, as a benefit for the Boy and Girl Scouts.

"The pageant was a song-story of our nation, and consisted of the story of our national songs from the time of the landing of the Mayflower up to the present time. During the singing of each song by a special group or soloist, the famous painting representing this especial period was posed by a group portraying the picture described. For example, the first picture was *The Puritan*, by St. Gaudens, posed by our Boy Scouts, during which a quartet sang *Faith of Our Fathers*. There were twelve pictures and twelve songs, three of the pictures being arranged and posed by members of our Girl Scout troop. The three pictures were *Ragged Continentals* with the song *Yankee Doodle*, *Birth of the Flag* with *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, and *Liberty with America*.

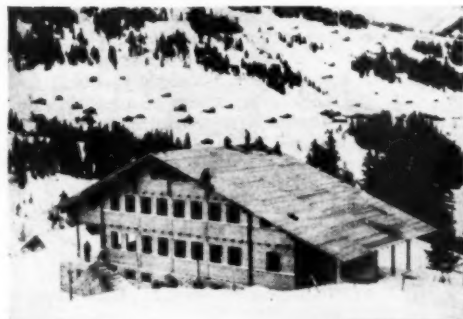
"Only a small admission was asked, yet the organization received more than twenty dollars to help swell its treasury. The Girl Scouts were very much pleased by this program, not only because it was a material benefit to the group, but it also afforded them the opportunity to take part in this instructive yet entertaining patriotic program. Any Girl Scout group would find this a splendid program to help celebrate Music Week."

good orchestra. Miss Elizabeth Cadle, who organized the orchestra, writes to us about it.

"Since the organization of Troop Six, it has been their custom to go once a month to the homes of sick, crippled or aged people and give a musical program on Sunday afternoons. Finally we got the idea of forming an orchestra.

"Difficulties were encountered, of course, but we found a man from a music company who overcame most of them for us. He offered to direct the orchestra, provide a set of drums, loan us music and provide us with a place to practice for the present, until we can make enough money to buy our own things. He made no charge for his services.

"The orchestra consists of nine violins, one cello, one clarinet, one saxophone, two trumpets, one piano, one flute and drums."



THIS IS HOW "OUR CHALET" LOOKS TO GIRL SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES WHEN WINTER COMES TO THE MOUNTAINS AT ADELBODEN, SWITZERLAND

MRS. JAMES STORROW OF MASSACHUSETTS POINTS OUT A LOVELY VIEW TO GIRL GUIDES VISITING THE INTERNATIONAL CHALET





NATIONAL COURTSHIP

The country, during September, was a pretty girl trying to make up her mind which to take of several rival suitors. During almost all of the three years she had been engaged to Herbert, things had been pretty depressing. Was it Herbert's fault? Sometimes she thought it was and sometimes she thought it wasn't. Herbert was working hard and seemed a steady fellow, but Frank had a charming smile and was promising her wonderful things. She accepted Frank's invitation to a party in Maine, and many people thought that meant that he would be her choice. But she wasn't sure. She had promised to give them both an answer on November eighth, so until that time she decided just to sit back and enjoy being courted by all of them.

In addition to Herbert and Frank, there were other suitors, but everybody agreed that these had no chance at all.



MUNICIPAL HOUSECLEANING

New Yorkers witnessed, during September, one of the biggest municipal housecleanings in the history of the city. The broom of reform was whisked into corners and under beds where corruption and waste had lain undisturbed for many years. More than a year ago the State Legislature, aroused by complaints of dishonesty and inefficiency in the government of the country's greatest city, had appointed a committee to investigate. Judge Samuel Seabury, who had charge of this investigation, probed and questioned, bringing to light an appalling muck pile of bribery as well as every other form of political chicanery. Since neither the public nor the law believes in magic, official after official had to resign or was forced out of office. Finally Judge Seabury and his broom reached the mayor, dapper Jimmy Walker, erstwhile favorite of Broadway. Because of his charges against Walker, which had been forwarded to Governor Roosevelt, fifth cousin of former President Roosevelt, the mayor of New York City journeyed to Albany, the state capital, to explain in person why he should not be ousted from his job. When it became evident that his explanation was not convincing to Governor Roosevelt, and that he was in imminent danger from the axe, Walker suddenly resigned, announcing that he would run again for mayor in November. But he had reckoned without "Holy Joe" McKee, President of the Board of Aldermen, who immediately and automatically became mayor in his stead. In two or three days' time it became evident that a new day was dawning in New York. Mayor McKee is a young, handsome, thrifty, hard-working Scot. He set to work immediately to cut out some

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

of the extravagance and graft in city management. First he reduced his own salary by fifteen thousand dollars a year, and then the salaries of the twenty-seven heads of municipal departments. Next he saved the city fifty thousand dollars on a single printing bill by giving the job of printing the ballots for the November elections to the lowest bidder, instead of to a firm favored by Tammany for many years. Then McKee took a look at the municipal market, built by former Tammany Mayor Hylan, and noted that although the market's income, from rents, was only \$26,000 a year, the cost of its upkeep and payroll alone was over \$162,000 annually. Feeling that this was not exactly good business, the new mayor fired the Commissioner of Markets. He also shifted to more necessary duties a small army of chauffeurs who had been working for various city officials at the public expense, and himself dispensed with the seventeen-thousand-dollar Duesenberg limousine, bought for Mayor Walker. He preferred instead to ride to work on the subway. As New York citizens watched McKee's reforms with astonishment and delight, it became evident that, even if Walker should stick to his plan to run again, which seems unlikely at this writing, he will have a hard time winning the voters from their new love.



DARK SPOTS IN THE MONTH'S NEWS

Of the several trans-Atlantic flights that started the latter part of August and the first of September, one was successful. Captain James A. Mollison, whose wife is the famous woman flyer, Amy Johnson, made the first westward crossing alone, in his tiny plane, *The Heart's Content*. George R. Hutchinson and his flying family were wrecked on the east coast of Greenland, though later rescued. But *The American Nurse*, carrying William Ulbrich, Dr. Leon Martocci Pisculli and Edna Newcomer, a trained nurse, which set out from Floyd Bennett Field, bound for Rome, has never been heard from. Besides her white riding habit, Miss Newcomer was carrying a special dress with her so she'd have something to wear when she was presented to the King of Italy.

Southern Florida waited, trembling, for a hurricane to strike it in September, but it veered out into the Atlantic and Florida was spared. During the last week of the month another storm, not so merciful, ripped its way across Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo, killing, at this writing, more than two hundred persons, injuring one thousand more and flattening to the

ground the ramshackle wooden houses of the natives. Property damage mounted into the millions. . . . The forty-four-year-old excursion steamer *Observation* probably had a pain in her boilers all last summer, but official inspectors who looked over her recently did not discover it. The ironworkers' union, whose members were being carried to work on her every day, believed that she was an unreliable old hulk and had complained, but their complaints had not accomplished much. Events proved that they were right when it was too late. A few minutes after the boat had pulled out of her pier at East River and 135th Street, New York City, on her way to an island in the river, where a new penitentiary was being built, there was a terrific explosion. Burning bodies and fragments of wood and metal spouted through the air. The *Observation's* ancient boilers had burst—sixty-three dead and sixty-three injured paid the price.



NEWS SUCCOTASH

Russia faces a severe food shortage this winter, which may have been one of the reasons why Bolshevik authorities decided to brighten up life in the U. S. S. R. wherever possible. The official word has gone forth that fun, romance, good clothes—when you can get them—and even rouge and lipsticks are now permissible among good Communists. . . . Fathers of the A. E. F. had quite a jolt in September when the International Congress of Eugenics met in New York. The eugenists put on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History the plaster statue of a young man. It was a composite of the figures of 100,000 U. S. soldiers whose measurements were taken at the end of the war. This vision of what the American hero really looks like was very disconcerting to the heroes, since it revealed shoulders slightly stooped and the ominous beginnings of a bay window. . . . The political pot still boils merrily in Central and South America. In September the President of Mexico suddenly resigned. His statement that he did it because of ill-health fooled nobody. . . . Paraguay and Bolivia are not officially at war, but bloody battles continued to be waged between the armies of these countries, all of course in a perfectly peaceful spirit. . . . Chile changed



presidents several times in September; nothing slower than ticker tape could keep up with the shifting administrations. . . . Gandhi went on a fast until the British government and the upper castes of India could agree on a system of representation which, in his opinion, did greater justice to the Untouchables, the great and oppressed bottom classes of the country. When the Mahatma had become too weak to speak, an acceptable compromise was reached. Gandhi agreed, smiled weakly, and consented to drink a little lime juice.



Make your Gifts on the sewing machine

THIS CLEVER NEW WAY!

THIS year it's going to be more fun than ever *making* gifts for your friends. Smart scarfs, colorful pillows, clever animal toys and countless other articles, all in luxurious deep pile.

It's done with Singercraft, the fascinating new sewing art brought from Europe. Simple and easy as straight stitching. All you need is the Singercraft Guide and the Sewing Machine. You apply colored

yarns or even rags or strips of old silk stockings to a fabric backing.

Singercraft is now being demonstrated at all Singer Shops. Girl Scouts are specially invited to come to the nearest shop and receive *free* instruction in this fascinating new craft. Come and see

how easily it is done, see the many attractive samples. Then get a Singercraft Guide and start right in making this new kind of gift.

FREE! Gift Suggestions

Ask at the shop in your community for the free booklets packed with suggestions and directions for Singercraft articles and other gifts you can make on the sewing machine. (See telephone directory for nearest address.)



50c Includes the Singercraft Guide, two transfer patterns, stamped crash backing and step-by-step directions. Get it at any Singer Shop or send 50c (money order or stamps) to Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dept. Y-41, 149 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.

See telephone directory for nearest shop address

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"Engine-Divil"

(Continued from page 14)

more often she perched in the cab. Every mechanical detail of the engine interested her. "What's that iron stick fer, Sam?" she would ask. "What makes Engine Nell stop?"

And Sam would laugh good-naturedly and answer every question, always concluding with "Lawsy, but you oughter been a boy, Judy."

One Friday a man from Laurel Run came by Jacob Martin's cabin and left word that Gran'pappy and his son were starting home the following Sunday. Judy had to go.

"I reckon tomorrow's run to Windsor town will be your last fer a spell," Sam said to the girl that evening.

Judy nodded. "Hit's untelling whether Gran'pappy will e'en leave me watch the train pass by. He's sot on keeping me in the house a-working."

"Tomorrow's trip will be a fast un," said Sam. "On Saturdays I take the paymaster, Henry Simms, in town to git money from the bank fer the camp men. Saturday rides are fer money business so I don't make many stops alongst the way."

The trip in next day seemed all too short. In Windsor Judy stood very still before each store window, trying to impress upon her mind the things behind the glass.

Her bare feet lagged as she walked back to the train. She found Sam and Henry Simms leaning against the box car talking while Nat oiled the engine. Judy eyed the paymaster curiously. He was a melancholy looking man with sagging hat brim and drooping moustaches. It was hard to realize that such an unimportant looking person could have the important mission of carrying several hundred dollars back to camp. The revolver displayed prominently on his hip was the only sign of his position.

"All aboard," shouted Sam as Nat waved to him. Judy darted down to the engine. She'd ride in the cab on her last miles of pleasure. Moodily she stared out her window, scarcely seeing the wild, densely wooded country that unrolled like a thick green carpet below them.

"Thar's somethin' on the track," Sam suddenly shouted and letting go of the throttle he put the air brakes on a bit.

Judy and Nat leaned out the other window.

"Hit's on my side," Sam shouted and brought the train to a slow stop. "Hit's a rock. Must 'a' been a landslide."

Sam and Nat climbed out of the engine and walked up the track. Judy slipped over to Sam's window to watch. She could see the rock plainly. It wasn't very big. The trainmen were pushing it now. It was moving. It—suddenly Judy caught her breath as a masked man stepped out of the bushes beside the track.

"Hands up," Judy heard him order.

Simultaneously there was a shot from the other direction and, turning quickly, Judy saw two more men with bandanas over their faces leap up into the box car.

"Hit's a holdup. They're after the pay money," she thought as she crowded back

against the wall of the cab. "Mayhaps they saw me 'n' will git me, too." With face intent and white, she stood listening. Feet crunched past the engine and on past the coal car. Cautiously she peered out the window. Sam and Nat were being marched, hands above their heads, along the train.

"Git in that box car," Judy heard their guard snarl. The trainmen climbed in and the masked man disappeared after them.

"He must think Sam and Nat have money, too," Judy thought. "Oh, lawsy, what kin I do!" Suddenly her face lighted. "Gin I could trap 'em in that car!" she muttered.

ed sections of Rocky Creek. "Gin I could find a cabin, hit hain't likely thar'd be enough men in hit to fight them three full-armed holdupers."

As she hesitated a regular, hard pounding began on the door.

"I got to hurry," Judy thought frantically. "They might break out."

And then her eye fell on the tiny engine standing patiently on the track, a wisp of smoke curling questioningly out of its smoke stack.

"Gin I could drive Engine Nell to Big Pine Camp, thar'd be plenty of men to take care of the robbers," she thought.

Almost before she realized what she was doing, Judy was speeding down the track and climbing up into the cab. Inside she halted, trying to collect her thoughts. First, she must see if that rock was well off the rail. She leaned out the window. Yes, Sam and Nat had given it one effective push before they were held up.

Judy jumped up and stood in the center of the cab, eyes shut tight, trying to remember exactly how Sam started the engine.

"I need steam first," she recalled, opening her eyes. "But I got to be fireman and engineer, too, my ownself."

Quickly she scooped coal into the firebox as she had so often seen Nat do. She slammed the firebox door shut and dropped down on the seat that Sam had so recently vacated. Just what did Sam do first? Oh, yes. She reached up for the cord and a toot-toot pierced the tense stillness. Not for a moment did it occur to Judy that the engine might run without its whistle. She put a moist, trembling hand on the throttle bar and pulled. Nothing happened. She pulled harder. This time the wheels moved slightly.

She opened the throttle further yet and slowly the train crept forward.

Clickety-click. Clickety-click. Engine Nell settled down to a slow, even speed. Clickety-click. Clickety-click. Judy's breath seemed to come in time to the sound of the wheels. A mile slipped past and the first curve loomed ahead. Judy released the throttle a bit and closed her eyes as the engine began to turn. "Lord, gin we go over please squash the robbers first," she prayed.

Behind, the flat cars squeaked cautiously about the curve. The train straightened out. Judy opened her eyes and her lips curved in a triumphant smile. "We made hit. This ole train bends easy as a snake."

Confidently she put her hand on the throttle and Engine Nell gave a sudden burst of speed. Quickly Judy released the throttle a bit. "La me, I'd best not get so briggaty," she thought nervously. "I allow hit's better to drive slow 'n' git thar than hit is to go a-racing into yon creek."

Up the track a woman and child were waving for a stop. "No stops today," Judy shouted as the train rattled past them. She wished she could look back to see if they noticed the new gal engineer.

Her thoughts hummed busily along like the train. "I wonder iffen Sam and Nat and

NOVEMBER DUSK

Have a doggie? Where's the mustard?

That's my stick, I say.

Cider! Cider! Me for cider!

Toss that roll here, hey!

The mill race chants her sorrow to the night.

The stars their silver candles set on high.

The campfire snaps and crackles restlessly.

The woodsmoke trails blue spirals to the sky.

Bright laughter gilds the dull November dusk.

Young voices warm the crisp November air.

Lithe forms prance 'round the campfire's glowing heart

And not a shadow dares to venture there.

Have a doggie? Where's the mustard?

That's my stick, I say.

Cider! Cider! Me for cider!

Toss that roll here, hey!

GERTRUDE L. TURNER

She seized the long, iron fire poker and darted out of the cab. Quietly as a panther she slipped along close to the train. She reached the box car door which was rolled open parallel with the car wall. Judy grabbed firm hold of the back edge of the door and pushed with all her strength. The big door moved easily on its rollers and crashed shut. Quickly Judy planted one end of the iron poker in the ground and braced the other against the end of the door.

"That'll hold hit shut till I can git the lock fastened," she thought.

From inside the car came loud shouts and curses. "I'll break hit open—" "Watch out!" "Leave me try." The door shook beneath the pounding but the poker held it firm.

Judy took one glance at the door hasp. It was too high for her to reach. Daring into the underbrush she returned with a good-sized rock. She picked up a small, sturdy stick and then stepped up on the rock close beside the car. She slipped the hasp over the staple and then jammed the stick through the staple.

"Thar, that'll keep 'em in," she muttered. She stepped down and stared across the valley. Well, she had the robbers. But what should she do with them! The train had been stopped in one of the most uninhabit-

Mister Simms are all right," she worried. "I allow them holdup men won't dare harm our train crew."

Judy tried to straighten her back. Her neck felt cramped and stiff. Her eyes were blurring from the strain of staring ahead. And although a cool breeze beat against her face, perspiration trickled down into her lashes.

"Lawdy, I reckon I can't keep this ole engine a-snorting much longer," she muttered. "Ary minute hit may bounce off a curve. And e'en did I want fer hit to stop I hain't shore I could halt hit. 'Pears like we must be getting nigh Big Pine now. We oughter soon begin to climb up Round-Top Hill."

At the thought of Round-Top Hill Judy jerked in her head and glanced at the gauge. The steam was medium. What if there wasn't enough steam to make the hill. What if she had to stop and the robbers got out. If she could only get to the hilltop she could coast down to Big Pine. Frantically she pulled the throttle wide open and the engine pushed forward, roaring like a small cub that is chasing its mother.

"Hurry—hurry—hurry." The words beat over and over in Judy's mind as she leaned out the window, her whole body straining forward as though to help push Engine Nell forward. And then the track began to curl in silver loops up a mountainside until near the top it lay like a shining steel ladder against the hill. The train was slowing. It could never make that last grade. Suddenly Judy darted from the window, seized the shovel and threw life-giving coal into the firebox. "You're right smart to drive your ownself," Judy told the engine as she dropped back by the window. Engine Nell puffed around one curve—around another. And then, as steam began to course through her iron veins, her breathing became less labored and she climbed on and up resolutely.

The engine poked her black nose over the top of the hill.

"We're up! We're up!" Judy cried aloud exultingly. "Now I'd best put on that brake hard lessen we go shooting down like a falling star." She pulled the brake as they began to slip down the other side through the forest. Slowly, safely the train slid down toward the large tent-filled clearing. Judy pulled the whistle cord. Toot-toot-toot-toot. Imperative and shrill the sounds rang out in a prolonged tumult of noise. From the tents men came running to the track. Judy released the cord and jammed the air brakes on completely. Engine Nell halted with a jerk that almost threw Judy out the window. Too relieved to speak she stared down at the men.

"Hit's a gal driving the train! I'll be gosh derned! Whar's Sam?"

Then Judy found her voice. "We got held up. Three robbers tuk Sam and Nat and Mister Simms into the box car. I slammed the door on 'em. They're in thar now."

"Lawdy sake, robbers 'n' all? How'll we git 'em out?"

"Just a minute. Keep still, gang," rang out an authoritative voice as a tall man in khaki trousers and hip boots stepped forward.

He walked close to the box car. "All right, Sam? Nobody hurt?"

"All right," came back Sam's cheerful voice. "But we're gitting a mite tired of our company in here." (Continued on page 49)

does away forever
with revealing
telltale outlines

the new Phantom^{*} Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

NEVER AGAIN need you worry! Phantom Kotex is here, with ends flattened and skilfully tapered. They permit no slightest hint of a revealing wrinkle—even under the filmiest fabrics.

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Jo Ann's Bandit

(Continued from page 18)

him. "Cold pie!" he exclaimed rather scornfully when Jo Ann brought him the apple pie, but he ate it.

"Plenty of it, such as it was," he said, "but I don't think much of your cook. Have you got any cigars?"

Jo Ann remembered that Uncle George had cigars in a box in his room and she went upstairs to get them. From Uncle George's room she could look up and down the road, but not a car was in sight—not a person. She took down the box of cigars.

"Mercurios," he said. "Pretty poor. Haven't you got anything else?"

"This is all we have," said Jo Ann, wondering what bandits did when they did not like the cigars you had, but the bandit took three of the cigars.

"Three for a quarter, aren't they?" he asked, and he gave Jo Ann twenty-five cents. "Are you all alone here with the cook?"

"Yes," said Jo Ann, suddenly going cold. "Except the maid; she's upstairs with the rheumatism."

"Did you hear anything about a shooting at Greenville?" he asked.

"Y-yes," said Jo Ann. "Somebody telephoned. And then the wire broke or something," she added hastily, lest he might think she had sent a warning, for there was no telling what he might do if he thought that. "Is there anything else?" she asked.

The bandit had lighted the cigar and now he leaned back in his chair comfortably.

"You can get me another cup of coffee," he said, but he did not take his eyes from the window. The fire in the fireplace had burned low and the room was cold, for Jo Ann had forgotten to put coal in the furnace, and now the bandit seemed to notice this. "It's as cold as Greenland in here," he said.

"Oh, dear!" Jo Ann exclaimed. "I forgot the furnace, and now I expect it is out. Aunt Sue and Uncle George went away—you see, Grandmother was sick—and they told me to put coal on, and I forgot."

"Don't bother on my account, but get me that coffee, will you?" the bandit asked.

When Jo Ann went to the kitchen for the coffee Wicky was wild to ask questions about the bandit, but Jo Ann silenced her.

"Don't ask questions, Wicky," she said. "I'm having ideas. I don't know, but I believe we can capture the bandit. I do believe we can. Do you know anything about a furnace?"

"Not a thing," Wicky said.

"Neither do I," said Jo Ann, "but there's something you shake. Go down cellar and shake something, Wicky, and then come to the living room and say you don't know what's the matter with the furnace. And I'll say I don't know anything about furnaces. Then you say, 'Well, all the pipes will freeze,' and we'll try to get the bandit to go down and look at the furnace. And if he does, we'll lock him in the cellar. We'll keep him until somebody comes."

She took the coffee to the bandit and presently she heard Wicky shaking the furnace. A minute later Wicky, big-eyed and frightened, came to the living room door.

"Jo Ann," she said, "I don't know what's the matter with the furnace. It—it—"

That was all she could manage to get out, but the bandit for the first time took his eyes from the window. He turned his

head and looked smilingly at Wicky. "Is that the cook?" he asked Jo Ann, and when she said "Yes," he laughed. "No wonder the chops were raw," he said. "What's this about the furnace?"

"Oh, would you please look at it?" Jo Ann asked eagerly. "Will you?"

"Why, yes," he said. "I'll have a look at it for you," and he got out of his chair. Jo Ann led the way to the cellar door in the kitchen, Wicky trailing after them.

"Down here," Jo Ann said, opening the cellar door, and she snapped on the electric light in the cellar and stood back. The bandit went down the cellar stairs, and Jo Ann closed the stout door softly and pushed home the bolt.

"Wicky, we've got him!" she cried.

They heard the bandit making noises with the furnace, and then heard him shoveling coal into it, and heard him mounting the cellar stairs. He tried the latch but the door would not open.

"Hello, there!" he called through the door. "What's the big idea? Open this door."

"No," called Jo Ann, "we won't. You might just as well be quiet until somebody comes. We've sent for people."

Jo Ann expected the bandit to make a great fuss then, but he merely laughed.

"Open the door," he said. "I know what you think. You think I'm the Greenville bandit. You're away off. I'm one of the fellows hunting for him. Let me out, kids. I've got to be watching the road out there."

"You needn't try to fool us," said Jo Ann. "We won't let you out."

His answer was to bang his shoulder against the door, but the bolt was too stout to be broken, and he was still banging at the door when Aunt Sue and Uncle George came walking out into the kitchen.

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed Aunt Sue. "What's all this? Have you got Tommy and Ted locked in the cellar?"

"It's the bandit," said Jo Ann. "He came here and ordered us to feed him, and we did, and then we got him to go down cellar, and we bolted him in—"

"But, my dear Jo Ann," said Aunt Sue, "you can't have the bandit there because the bandit was captured three hours ago on the Hurley Road. Who on earth have you locked in your cellar?"

The bandit must have heard, for he spoke up instantly.

"I'm Henry Rogers," he shouted. "I'm Henry Rogers, from Greenville."

"The plumber?" asked Uncle George, and at the same time he pushed back the bolt, and Henry Rogers stepped into the kitchen. He was grinning rather sheepishly.

"Hello, George," he said to Jo Ann's uncle. "These girls must have thought I was the bandit. I never knew I looked as tough as all that. Maybe this cut on my face did it—my car skidded on the icy road and slammed me against the windshield and cut me a little."

"I suppose you were out looking for the bandit yourself," said Uncle George.

"I sure was," said the plumber. "They gave me this road to patrol, although it wasn't very likely the bandit fellow would come this way. There was a chance he might."

Jo Ann was standing back, looking at the plumber with anything but approval.

"Aunt Sue," she said, "anybody would have thought he (Continued on page 36)

The "Accident" Alibi



Are there unsuspected or unheeded dangers in your home?

Brooms, pails, boxes, toys or other objects placed where someone might trip over them?

Unlighted stairways?

Rickety steps, loose banisters or hand-rails?

Unsecured rugs, slippery or highly polished floors?

Wobbly ladders?

Leaky connections in gas heater, range, furnace or lighting fixture?

Defective electric wiring or appliances?

Matches within reach of children?

Unlabeled poisons?

It was an accident" is a poor alibi for injuries which could have been prevented.

Ask yourself what caused the latest injury to one of your own family or to a friend. Was it a true accident which could not have been prevented or was it the result of carelessness? Most accidents are of the preventable kind.

Could any member of your family suffer a serious injury in your home because of hazards you have not removed? Could you walk safely in any part of the house, day or night, without fear of falling over some temporary or permanent obstruction?

Last year in the United States there were almost as many deaths from accidents in homes as there were from automobile accidents. Many crippling accidents which happened in homes could have been averted.

Scaldings from boiling liquids, burnings from fire and hot surfaces, could have been prevented

by greater thoughtfulness. Most of the injuries from sharp tools and instruments could have been prevented by carefulness. Investigating gas or gasoline leaks with a lighted match is a direct invitation to a disastrous explosion.

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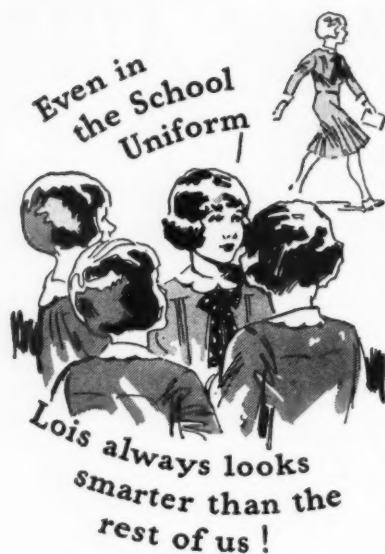
Send for and use the Metropolitan "Home Inspection Chart" which lists many of the places where dangers may lurk in your home. Your copy of the Chart and also a booklet, "Accident Prevention in the Home" will be mailed free. Address Booklet Dept. 1132-X.



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with the
PED-A-PIVOT feature

★ Retailers who sell "Robin Hood" and "Central" footwear have these same Official Girl Scout Shoes, marked "Central's Official Girl Scout Shoes."

Jo Ann's Bandit

(Continued from page 35)

was the bandit. He had a pistol, and he had a gray overcoat and a gray cap—

"I don't believe the old pistol would shoot," said Henry Rogers, laughing again. "Bill Turner made me take it, more as a bluff than anything else. It's not loaded and I don't believe it has been loaded for ten years. And that overcoat and cap are the same ones I have been wearing for two years."

"But he came in and ordered me to give him food," said Jo Ann, still only half believing that he was not the bandit. "He didn't say 'Please' or 'Will you be so kind?' or anything. Just as if he owned the place."

At this the plumber laughed louder than ever. And, as was said in the beginning, you must remember that this was the first day of November, and that bad boys play tricks on Hallowe'en.

"You saw it, George, didn't you?" he asked. "The big sign down there on your lawn, leaning against that pine tree? It says, *Russmore Tea Room. Prompt Service. Lunch, fifty cents; dinner, one dollar.* The Hallowe'en kids must have taken it from the Russmore place and left it here. I thought this was the Tea Room."

So that was why he had walked right in and demanded food. That was why Jo Ann had been so sure he had been the bandit.

"Well, anyway, Wicky," Jo Ann said when they were alone together, "if we didn't catch a bandit we caught a plumber."

"It's not exactly the same thing," Wicky ventured.

"No," said Jo Ann, "but it's a start. The next one may be a bandit. It's all good practice."

"I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 25)

This is a terrible place, and to think how anxious I was to come. I wish I never had!

November 27th

I'm back again, with more trouble to unload. The party hasn't come off yet, but listen to this. You *should* know one of the sophomores at school, Henrietta Simpkins. Everybody in the world who has no friends at all should know Henrietta Simpkins. She has taken all the "your best friend won't tell you" advertisements to heart and goes about the world telling everybody what her best friend is failing to confide. If you have a fault, she's sure to mention it. If you have ten faults, she begins with the worst and works around to the others.

She's in my Public Speaking class—sits next to me. I've heard the faults of everyone else in the room from her and what they should do to remedy them. But until today she hasn't been personal at all. Now, by some dire chance, she has found out that I was left out of the freshman list for the Thanksgiving Rally. And she certainly made short work of me! Just out of a clear sky she said, "I know why you weren't asked."

I was torn between a wild desire to have my own worst fears verified and to leave her high and dry. I decided not to give her an opening. So I just raised my eyebrows.

"It's because Mildred Dalloway said you are the world's worst bore, that you can't play bridge and that you refuse to try!" That from Henrietta. The worst of it is, dear diary, that Mildred Dalloway should know; she played with me that awful afternoon last October. But then in spite of my better judgment I let go at Henrietta. I wanted to be bitingly sarcastic, and I was too mad to mull over what I would say, so I just let go with "Mildred Dalloway is a smug little stick-in-the-mud. Just because she can say something clever whenever she feels like it is no reason why she should decide whether or not I should have any fun or any friends in this school!"

That, dear diary, is what I said about an upper classman—and to Henrietta Simpkins of all people! But she *did* cast a ray of cheer. I guess she felt sorry for me. Everyone here seems to until they get so

bored they can't any more. She added, "Well, Helen Cartwright said she thought they ought to invite you because of your aunt being such a nice person, and besides you looked as though you'd be nice, and with your father in the army and all the traveling you've done you should know a lot of interesting things."

That, dear diary, is what Helen Cartwright said, but from Henrietta's report Mildred Dalloway had the parting shot. It was: "You didn't play bridge with her for three hours." And that remark, dear diary, sealed my doom about this Thanksgiving Rally. I'm really sunk. I thought it was going to be such fun to go to school with lots of other girls, and to be with Aunt Caroline. *She* is a perfect darling. But the girls talk so much and so fast and so cleverly and I'm so awfully inadequate!

December 12th

The very worst that could happen *has* happened! Aunt Caroline is going to give a party for me here! On the seventeenth of December, the day after school closes for the holidays! The only way out I can see is to get appendicitis on the sixteenth and have to be rushed to the hospital. Or maybe I could be stricken with something else just as dreadful but easier to get.

December 15th

It's the fifteenth and I haven't yet thought of anything I can be really suffering from the day of the party. But I've got to think of something. I just *can't* have all those people come here to *my* party when they've left me out of things ever since I came here.

Later on the 15th

I overheard Aunt Caroline talking to Uncle Dick a little while ago. *She's* going into this with *her* eyes open. I heard her say, "Dick, this appalling state of seclusion Edith has developed has got to be stopped. The poor child hasn't made a friend in the whole school since she came here last September. I think it's because she hasn't learned the art of conversation with other girls. I have an idea worked out for the party that I think will clear up the difficulty."

Now, what do you suppose she means?

December 16th

I'm still in suspense! Tomorrow is the party, I have contracted no disease and I shall die of embarrassment when all those girls walk into this house! If I just knew what Aunt Caroline has up her sleeve! In case I do die in the struggle tomorrow, dear diary, I'll say goodbye.

But, of course, I didn't die. Here's what happened. We got all sorts of things ready for the party that morning without my knowing what anything was for. We hung sheets across the double doors between the dining room and the lounge; we lined up chairs in the dining room facing the lounge, as though we were getting ready to give a show. And to all my questioning Aunt Caroline just smiled mysteriously. Then I went up to put on my party clothes. I wore my pale blue organdie with the sort of bouffant skirt. And I came downstairs to the most awful shock. *Everyone* who had arrived up to that time was dressed in a high hat, a boy's tuxedo, and had her face blacked. It looked like a minstrel show getting ready to put on an act.

And that, my dears, is just what was happening. Everybody came at once and looked so different from usual that I forgot to be embarrassed at seeing them. Just about the time I began to get my bearings, Aunt Caroline beckoned to me to come over beside her and look at something on the other side of the curtains we had hung. I peered cautiously to find four rows of mothers—the audience!

"Honey, we're putting on a minstrel show for the party, and you are to be the inter-locutor," she told me. "You stand here in the middle of the stage and repeat the questions when one or another of the 'end men' asks them."

"You know how those shows work," and she patted me on the shoulder. I nodded dumbly—what else could I do but agree?

Well, that show was a riot of fun. And Mildred Dalloway, no less, was one of the end men! Everybody had rehearsed the show dozens of times, of course, but me. And it went off with such a fast tempo that I couldn't help falling into the swing of it, especially with nothing to do but to repeat questions after people. The last one was the best, and it was as much of a surprise to Aunt Caroline as all the rest of the show was to me.

"Why," Mildred called to me from the end, in her very best Negro dialect, "is your Aunt Caroline the toast of this grand party?"

"Why," I repeated, "is my Aunt Caroline the toast of this grand party?" And they all burst into "Because she's a jolly good fellow." And I joined in with a feeling that I'd burst if I didn't go over and fling my arms around her. So I did just that.

That night I peeked into Aunt Caroline's room after I'd undressed and found that she was lying in bed reading. I tiptoed in and sat down on the foot of the bed. "It was a thrilling party," I said.

"Liked it, eh?" she answered. "Know why we had the minstrel show?"

I shook my head.

"I just wanted you to see, honey, that it takes two people to make a conversation, and for every amusing thing that is said, someone has to lay a foundation of plain, everyday words. If you remember that, people aren't hard to talk to."

My Aunt Caroline is a wonderful person.



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Louisa Alcott's Anniversary

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

ON LOUISA ALCOTT'S hundredth birthday, November twenty-ninth, our glances fall on that cherished row of her books, so worn and dog-eared that they easily stand out from all others on the shelves. It's not enough simply to look at them—the next step is to find our favorites and reread a bit here and a bit there, while the time melts away and the spell of this loved author grows stronger and stronger. The characters swarm from their pages. Here are Bab and Betty, contentedly having their tea party *Under the Lilacs* until Ben and Sancho come along; here's Phebe singing over her suds and Rose with her bodyguard of kilted Campbells; here's Polly, that *Old Fashioned Girl*, and Jack and Jill having a lively convalescence from their almost disastrous sleigh ride. And, dominating them all, are the *Little Women* without whom we just cannot imagine life.

We turn from them to our books today. But so living is their presence that they seem to be with us as we read those books. In *The Railroad to Freedom* by Hildegard Hoyt Swift (Harcourt, Brace), it seems to us that Jo March and Christie, too—whose experiences in *Work*, you remember, were Louisa Alcott's own—would have reveled in this fine story of how Harriet Tubman, a slave on a southern plantation before the Civil War, ran away to freedom and helped other slaves to do the same thing. When Harriet was a little pickaninny, she took an instinctive dislike to Marse George, and showed it. In revenge he sold her, at thirteen years of age, to Cousin Susan, as cruel a mistress as he was a master. Fortunately, however, he was only the "young marse." And when Harriet finally succeeded in running back to the protection of old Mr. Carter, he refused to surrender her, and as long as he lived she was safe. But upon his death, when young George assumed command, Harriet determined to escape by means of that underground railway which gives the book its title. As we follow her hairbreadth escapes, which rival in interest those in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Jo March and Christie seem to be with us, applauding as we do Harriet's courage and loyalty in refusing to enjoy her freedom unless she could share it with her fellow slaves and her old parents. Soon this uneducated Negro girl was making impassioned speeches against slavery in Boston, always under the shadow of possible capture by her "master." Later, during the Civil War,

she was a nurse and trusted messenger, and her attitude when she was finally confronted with cruel young George proved her a heroine indeed. The noble part played by the Quakers in combating slavery is one of the finest aspects of a book whose literary merit and interest are outstanding.

The Civil War played so prominent a part in the lives of Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, that we are sure they as well as girls of today would respond eagerly to the charm and drama of such books as *Remember and Forget* by Julia Davis Adams (Dutton) and *The Road to Carolina* by Marjorie Hill Allee (Houghton Mifflin). The first named is an arresting story of the four Haddons—Sue, Hall, Boy and Millie. Their story shows aspects of the war as yet little treated in fiction form, and presented so graphically that we can taste the festive "Dixie pudding" made with molasses and flour at forty dollars a barrel, and feel our hearts sink as Sue and Millie try to answer Cousin Kate's question as to where they will stay in crowded Richmond. Sue is one of the most convincing flirts imaginable—one is almost sorry to see her reform. But the tragic outcome of Millie's love for Lion makes us glad of every bit of happiness which can come to the family. In *The Road to Carolina*, the approach of the Civil War is made fully as interesting as the thrilling events of the period itself. Tristram Coffin is a sixteen-year-old boy with, apparently, nothing more serious on his mind than to have an adventurous summer traveling with his abolitionist uncle. It is easy to understand why he accepts the invitation of open-handed Cousin Braxton in place of the offer of a job from Jesse Coffin on the frugal Quaker farm. It is also easy to sympathize with his embarrassment at the way things turn out, and to applaud his return to Jesse Coffin's and his assistance to Margaret—whose father insists upon that spelling—with the heavy farm work. There were no slaves here, as at the Braxton plantation, to simplify that work, but the ugly menace of slavery overshadowed the days more and more heavily. Indeed it was fully four years from the time he first unwittingly stumbled upon one of the underground railway stations to the time he became reunited with his sister in Knoxville, and finally succeeded in completely changing Margaret's attitude toward him.

When Jack and Jill were trying to while away the long hours before they could be

up and about again; when Mac, the bookworm of the Eight Cousins, was trying to satisfy his insatiable desire to know something about everything; when Miss Celia's brother Thorny played tutor to Ben in *Under the Lilacs*; at various stages in the lives of Louisa Alcott's characters and certainly of our own, how invaluable would be the possession of such reference books as those composing *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia* (F. E. Compton and Company). Anybody who has ever yearned for reference books which should, like a pretty girl, be "easy to look at," as well as, like a true encyclopedia, be reliable to consult, will welcome this new edition which, more painstakingly than ever, satisfies our cravings to know how all sorts of wheels go round. For many of the young people of today, so desirous of actual information because the times demand it, we think it will prove to be as precious a possession as the bound copies of *Harpers Young People* and *St. Nicholas* over which our mothers and grandmothers used to spend so many absorbed hours. Those of us not quite ready to tackle the *Britannica* will find that our needs are met in such a manner as to satisfy them, and at the same time to make us better prepared for further information to be found in detailed books about the various subjects. It is, of course, impossible here to give an adequate account of the many subjects treated. But we may be sure that such topics as airplaning in its newest aspects, the comparatively modern profession of interior decoration, the most recent studies in textiles and embroideries, for example, are so compactly yet satisfyingly presented, that we know exactly what to look for when we want to study them.

The same is true of *Minute Sketches of Great Composers* by Eva von B. Hansl and Helen L. Kaufmann (Grosset and Dunlap). This is a collection of short and extremely well written biographies of musicians. Like the articles in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, but, naturally, on a much smaller scale, they do not pretend to be all-embracing, but to concentrate in as small and as entertaining a space as possible, the lives of great composers. This they succeed admirably in doing. Dramatic and colorful careers are compressed into accounts never exceeding one page, and one meets informally and vividly Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, Bizet whose *Carmen* has thrilled so many with its glittering

beauty, the gay and graceful Mozart among its musical immortals; and Deems Taylor, George Gershwin, Serge Prokofieff among those who are still musically interpreting our own day.

It is Beth, of course, besides ourselves, who, having finished her practicing on old Mr. Lawrence's piano, has been happily absorbed in these biographies. Leaving her with them, let us peep into the kitchen of the Eight Cousins, where Rose is taking a cooking lesson from Aunt Plenty. You will remember that Uncle Alec has his own ideas about Rose's education. A book such as *Kitchen Magic* by Constance Cassady (Farrar and Rinehart) would have been one after his own heart. Do you remember the chapter in which Aunt Jane, the blue stocking, accused Rose of not having had a single lesson all day long, whereat she promptly proved she had had five, although apparently "wasting" her time? Mrs. Cassady, in *Kitchen Magic*, combines cooking lessons with geography and history, so that one gets much valuable information as well as mouth-watering recipes. They are recipes for just the light and tempting things girls love to make, such as Italian spaghetti, cinnamon toast, chocolate fudge. In connection with the recipes there are short talks showing the association of cocoa with Montezuma, for example, and of roast meats with Old England. Food flavored with good conversation has been acknowledged to be a potent force in civilization for many years, and it is no wonder these cooking lessons are made doubly effective. If the same might only be done for the dish washing, now! But one may not demand too much.

Both Amy and Meg, surely, would have vied in enthusiasm with any of us could they have had the opportunity to examine *Handicraft for Girls* by Edwin T. Hamilton (Harcourt, Brace and Junior Literary Guild). Fancy costumes, leathercraft, mask-making and paper mosaics are among the fascinating things treated—and not only theoretically treated. We are assured that the directions have been tested and approved by many girls before being given book form, and certainly one is conscious of an itching of the fingers while reading the alluring paragraphs and studying the unusually fine illustrations and photographs with which the book abounds. If you want hints for Christmas presents, this will prove priceless.

Here Comes Barnum, which is The Great Showman's own story introduced by Helen Ferris (Harcourt, Brace), would surely have been a treasure for circus-smitten Ben and his dog Sancho in *Under the Lilacs*. Sancho would have been inspired to new tricks if Ben had had an opportunity to read aloud, however haltingly, the account of how Barnum discovered Tom Thumb, or the one describing the indignation of mothers when their babies did not get prizes, and most especially the story of how Vivalda's dog turned a spinning wheel in gratitude to Jenny Lind. The autobiography of a man like Barnum naturally is of special interest. Helen Ferris has talked with the very same old man who saw Old Bet the elephant come lumbering up the post road from New York City to Connecticut in stage coach days, so that the introduction to her book, written in her usual pungent and lively style, has a double interest.

When all is said and done, however, al-

though this occasion of Louisa Alcott's centenary brings many of her book characters before us, to mingle reminiscently with our own books of today, it is Jo who represents Louisa Alcott to us all, and it is her presence which we feel most vividly. Jo means fun, and sympathy, and the personification of absorbing story telling, and all of these characteristic qualities are represented in the typical girl books which grow better and better as time goes on. *The Way to Glory* by Marion Hurd McNeely (Longmans, Green) gives us, in the group of short stories which compose it, glimpses of girls who are sitting on gate posts chattering eagerly whenever they get the chance, or quarreling with their brothers and making up again, or chafing against the lack of excitement until somebody wakes them up, in so graphic and telling a manner that it is sad indeed to think that from this particular author no more stories will ever come. She was run over by an automobile last year, and this collection of stories was in process of preparation when she died. Indeed, the last one is published unfinished, and not the least interesting feature about it is to speculate on the ending of Joan's adventure with the "old-young man, with shining white teeth in a brown face, and a shabby pair of overalls."

Scatter—Her Summer at a Girl's Camp by Leslie Warren (Lothrop, Lee) is already familiar to readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, where the Scatter stories appeared first. In her new book form, however, Scatter has additional adventures which have not been published before. We are glad of that, for not only has she won a real place for herself by her irrepressible spirits and the ways in which she invariably manages to get what she wants, but she ought to be doubly sustained by increased avoirdupois, so to speak. In her larger book form she appears with illustrations far less effective, to my mind, than those which appeared in the magazine. Clothes do not make the girl, of course, but Scatter certainly deserves a better costume.

The Broom Squires by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan) deals, not with American girls as do the two preceding ones, but with Gilyan, proclaiming by name at once that she comes from the English countryside, as does a certain other lovely Gilyan in a famous apple orchard. Hers is a most romantic story, related in a mellowed and picturesque style. Musing over the suitor her foster father has planned she is to marry, after the fashion of English squires many years ago, Gilyan crashes over the hidden edge of an old gravel pit and falls headlong. She is rescued by Saul Beale, member of a gypsy tribe. He carries her to his encampment, where his mother nurses her back to health. Gilyan's foster father has anything but favorable opinions of gypsies, however, even very young ones as irresistible as Venus and Bunny. His objections are founded upon an old grudge, and the way in which this troublesome ghost is laid gives the final happy and satisfying twist to a story abounding in romantic appeal.

The Young Ravens by Elsie Singmaster (Houghton Mifflin) is the final one which recalls those qualities of Jo March's which have been hovering about us while making book selections this month. Jo would have been the first to appreciate the problems of the Ravenel family, and to applaud the manner in which they (Continued on page 40)

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Louisa Alcott's Anniversary

(Continued from page 39)

were solved. Mr. Ravenel is an artist, and at the opening of the story is expecting a large check for mural paintings at the Capitol. The year being 1931 or 1932, however, the check, like so many others of those years, was not forthcoming. What is to be done? As the family is discussing it, Mrs. Ravenel receives an offer to teach in a distant city—an offer which is a godsend economically, but which means that the four young Ravensels must do without their mother for a whole year. The prospect seems unthinkable, but it must be faced. Randolph, Rhoda, Emily and Bobby show the stuff they are made of. During their mother's absence there is practically nothing which doesn't happen. Troublesome situations arise but they are resolved most happily, and finally Mrs. Ravenel is reestablished in a home enriched by the most varied experiences. Incidentally, little Bobby's welcome to her is the most touching of all. She is a modern "Marmee," if you can conceive of such, and Jo March would have taken her and her family straight to her heart just as none of us can help doing.

Is It Interesting?

(Continued from page 15)

the time I read *The Good Earth*, China was to me a collection of stage properties, not a reality. Mrs. Buck gave me China as vividly as circumstances have given me New York City. She made the Chinese peasant as vital and human and understandable as the people I meet and talk with daily. She made the earth, which was his life, a force to be met and conquered and in conquering, to be absorbed. I was almost afraid to read *Sons*. Was it possible that she could touch the heights again? Could she add anything to what she had already done? The action begins where *The Good Earth* left off. The motive power of the earlier book, the effect of the land on the second generation, goes on. And with it came the forces of a newer China, a graphic picture of different strata, typified by Wang Lung's sons. There is more what you might call "plot" than in the earlier book. Together they give you a sounder understanding of China than—I verily believe—any other two books on China that have ever been written in English.

For striking contrast, and yet in its way a presentation of another facet of Oriental life, read *A Daughter of the Narikin* by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, author of *A Daughter of the Samurai* (Doubleday, Doran). Here we have Japan, and through the story of the daughter of a Japanese millionaire, a self-made man, we see the ceremonials of daily life, based on an ancient civilization and colored by the modern spirit and the conflicts of eastern and western thought. There is a thread of plot, a romance, but the chief interest lies in our introduction to modern Japan.

A jump across half the world takes us to England. There is one book of recent publication which I am sure some of you would like, and which gives you a rather unusual insight into life of a generation or so ago. *A Book with Seven Seals*, anonymous.

mously written (Farrar and Rinehart), is a chronicle of family life in the late Victorian period, and if you like details of a vanished past, along with a humorous picture of the conflicts in a large family, here you have it, along with an entertaining story. Then there is *Rueful Mating* by G. B. Stern (Knopf) of a somewhat later period, an utterly enchanting story of two youngsters, the girl an "infant prodigy" whose stern English father uproots her from the atmosphere of adulation in New York and transplants her to England and the conventional household of an even sterner aunt; the boy, a youthful actor, with the responsibility of supporting a strangely assorted family. The story takes them on to maturity, through adventures and misadventures. A book of utterly different vintage is *The Cowboy and the Duchess* by Timothy Shea (Dodd, Mead). Absurdly and fantastically impossible, it is hugely entertaining. A Long Island polo enthusiast inherits a title and an estate in England, and makes up his mind that he is going to get himself disinherited by his English relatives, so appears as a cowboy, in full regalia, and shocks his prospective neighbors into all sorts of indiscretions. There is, of course, a romantic turn to the tale.

Enough of foreign lands. Let us see what our own country has to offer. How many of you have read *Only Yesterday* by Frederick Allen (Harper)? You, who have counted the 1920's as the greater part of your lives, will find that it clarifies many of the topics of table conversation among your elders, and that it gives you a background for keener appreciation of events today—and tomorrow.

And while we are on the subject of non-fiction, there are two other books I'd like to introduce you to. One of them is, pos-

sibly, a surprising book to recommend to girls in their teens, but I wish you would read it and let me know what effect it has on you. I was just about your age when I had a rude awakening and realized, almost too graphically, that life wasn't as easy for the mass of humanity as it was for me. The book that woke me up was *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* by Walter Besant. And the book of today that I want you to read is Catharine Brody's *Nobody Starves* (Longmans). It is a book that everyone, young and old, should read and ponder. It is a book that makes Warden Lawes' life story, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* (Long and Smith), even more of a challenge, for it gives a glimpse into the countless lives that end in prison, and it makes us face a social responsibility which belongs to every one of us who is blessed with a safe environment.

In closing, there are several novels I want to mention briefly. There is *Hurdy Gurdy*, by Margaret Bell Houston (Appleton), a story of a Texas girl who comes to New York to study art and to have a "career." And there is *After Five O'Clock*, Elizabeth Corbett's new novel (Century), which gives an absorbing picture of the "out-of-office" life of a successful interior decorator, who might just as well be any young successful business woman. And finally, there is a skilful psychological study of an older woman and the conflicts of a household where the three sons bring their wives to spend the summer holidays—*Mrs. Green's Daughter-in-Law* by Nelia Gardner White (Stokes).

It is hard to stop here, for this is just a sampling of 1932's offerings, but it may serve as a self-starter and give you, at the same time, some delightful hours with books.

I Am a Newspaperwoman

(Continued from page 11)

digging up stories of this type. Later I wrote special articles along this line for other papers, and when the *New York Evening Post* started a woman's page five years ago, I was invited to become its editor.

As a rule, jobs for women on big city newspapers are largely found in specialized places such as the woman's page, the society department, the book pages, food columns, and the like. Most of the women in these jobs have been regular reporters, but occasionally they have stepped into the place because of specialized experience.

And while we newspaper women are tremendously proud of our clever and extremely capable professional sisters who have remained on city staffs—a city staff is the paper's corps of regular reporters—and made splendid reputations for themselves along this line, the women who get the chances to cover really important stories are in the minority and possibly always will be. The big stories are usually given to the men for a number of reasons which I have not the space to discuss at present. I might say, however, that one reason is because editors, whether rightly or wrongly, still hesitate to send women on assignments which involve any sort of risk, as many of the big stories do. Thus the average woman who remains a reporter instead of going into one of the department jobs or finding other specialized work, is likely to find her-

self assigned almost entirely to the regular run of women's activities, such as women's clubs, women's luncheons—anything and everything that women do.

There is one very important fact for girls who think seriously of entering newspaper work to consider. That is the scarcity of jobs for women on the big metropolitan papers and the probability that wider opportunity is to be found in the smaller places. Nearly everyone wants to come to New York, sooner or later. New York seems, from a distance, to offer the most glamorous prospects. Yet in New York, partly because of the many consolidations of newspapers in recent years and partly because, as I have already explained, editors do seem to give the preference to men reporters, the jobs for women on newspapers could almost be counted on one's two hands. Sheer, dogged persistence, of course, goes far in winning a place anywhere and that, or a lucky break, is how most women get their jobs in the New York newspaper world. But there are interesting jobs—and many of them—on papers in every city, town and village in the country, and the conditions under which one works outside are apt to be less difficult and far less wear and tear on the nervous system than is the case in the crowded, highly competitive, exacting world of Manhattan Island. And newspaper work is always the same absorbing, fascinating, thrilling game, no matter where it is played.

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The Painted Room

(Continued from page 9)

plan was first to examine all the cupboards and closets for books and papers, put them in a pile in one room, and go through them. Next, to scrape a small piece of paper or plaster, as it might be, along the baseboard in closets and curtained closet spaces, where it would not show.

The investigation of the closets took the rest of the evening. They found a few old books and newspapers and pamphlets, even a package of old letters which had slipped down under the floor at the edge of a davenport. They sat up until very late, the three of them, looking them through. But nothing was of a date further back than 1833.

"I'm going to bed," Marcia said. "It's no use. There isn't an Indian in a carload." "Wait," said Tom, who was persistence itself. "Ralph will be along tomorrow, and he has a lot of ideas always."

"I pin my faith to Jessie and the records," said Eileen, "although it's all a wild goose chase."

"Tom is a wild goose Chase," said Marcia, yawning. "But at least it will be fun!"

"That's a good sport," Tom said. And they parted for the night.

Ralph, cheerful as usual, chugged up in his disgraceful frescoed pink Ford next day.

"I have an idea," he said, after the tea room work was over next evening. "The place to tackle is that attic of yours."

"We'll have to wait until it rains and nobody wants tea," said Marcia.

"Me make big medicine. Me bring on rain," said Ralph. And the two boys, who had done a good deal of Boy Scout work, and knew far too many Indian noises, began to hop solemnly, crouching over, in a ring on the sitting room floor, howling in various keys until Mrs. Barrison rapped on the wall between them.

"Rain come," said red-haired Ralph, flopping panting on his haunches, while the girls, exhausted by laughter, lay back on the settee by the fire.

And the odd thing about it was that next day, which was Monday, the rain *did* come!

It poured down in sheets. There was no possibility of anybody driving past for tea, or very little. And Jessie, whose afternoon off it was, promised to take charge of anyone who might come.

"Now," Ralph said, "I propose we divide up the hunt. Tom and I will excavate in the attic to see if we can find any of the stuffed animals. You girls can scrape off the paper behind the closets."

"That's stupider than the attic," protested Eileen.

"There's a lot of old furniture to lift," Tom said. "Your job is very much easier."

The girls divided the bedrooms. With a damp cloth, a rag and a knife each, they went systematically at the removal of a piece of wallpaper in each of the bedrooms. Some time later Marcia met Eileen coming into the hall, finished also.

"Not a rabbit, not a raccoon, not a tree," said Eileen.

"Not one," said Marcia. "And I lifted the bottom papers a yard along the baseboard in every room."

"So did I. It would have been destroyed long ago, if it ever was true, I'm afraid."

"Yes," Marcia said. "We'd better go up and tell the boys."

They stood at the doorway of the attic. It was a gorgeous attic. It extended over nearly the whole of the farmhouse. The rain pattered on the roof like shot. The lanterns the boys had hung from nails and gables only lighted it dimly.

"No luck," Marcia announced.

"Well, come and hunt through that end of the attic then," commanded Tom from behind an enormous old bed spring.

"I suppose we might as well," Marcia said, and fell to moving piles of tied-up magazines, and moving battered lidless trunks with Eileen.

Marcia sat back to get her breath after an hour of this. She leaned against the wall behind her, cleared out for the first time in years by their industry with the trunks, and noticed idly that it was papered. From sheer habit she picked up her knife and damp rags, and began taking off the paper, although she knew most of the attic had been gone through in recent years. Nothing rewarded her search but rough boards. Suddenly her knife sank in to the handle.

"Eileen! Boys!" she called excitedly. "Come here! I've found a sealed-up closet!"

They hurried over to her. They had brought hammers and saws, it seemed. The girls stood back, while Tom ran a knife down the length of a crack that outlined a doorway, ran it along four sides.

"The quickest way is to find the hinges and unscrew them," Ralph said excitedly. And the girls rubbed the paper off with violent hands, standing back again when the hinges showed, while the boys first tried to unscrew the hinges, found them too deeply rusted in, and finally broke them. The door sagged inward a little, but it was firmly nailed on the other three sides. It was a half hour's work before they found, all four working together, the old rusted nails at top and bottom and partly snapped, partly pulled them out.

"Now, all together! Bang the door in!" Tom cried, and they threw themselves against the door, only secured at one edge now. It gave; it broke inward; they were on the floor in an excited laughing heap.

"Here, wait, I'll get a lantern," Ralph said, and scrambled up, re-turning with the lanterns and a flash. They stared in, speechless with excitement.

It was not a closet at all. It was a sealed-up room, empty and to all appearances windowless, but large.

"Only some of the space great-grandfather boarded off to save heat," Marcia said in a disappointed voice.

Eileen, persistent in her quest, went over with her flashlight and drove her little knife into the board walls.

"These," she said, "are covering something up."

Marcia and the boys darted over beside her. With shaking, excited hands, they pulled off the shell of boarding. It covered a low window with clapboards hiding it on the outside. They pulled off more of the boarding. Under it was a layer of thick homespun cloth.

"Easy, easy!" said Tom, who had taken charge of the expedition. "Don't spoil the walls."

They lifted a breadth of the cloth with infinite care. Under it was, not mortar, but a smooth slab of light paneling. Marcia turned her flashlight on it with a steady hand. On it they all saw painted, in a green that was still recognizable, the stiff pyramid of a tree, with a pair of hands in strange attitudes drawn, as a child might have drawn them, underneath it.

"It's true!" Marcia said. "This *is* the Painted Room!"

After that they were like mad people. They went at the boards, tearing them off. Jessie, hearing the noise, came up and was set to ripping, too. It was evening before the room was laid bare. A long room entirely paneled in birch wood, painted with a landscape such as a child might have done, trees, animals, and finally a wigwam, with a row of people like paper dolls, all in a row with hands touching, some in Indian costume and some in that of whites. Underneath each panel were the grouped hands in odd attitudes.

"It couldn't be—a fake?" said Marcia.

"No. This cloth is spun and woven. They either covered it up to preserve it, or because they were ashamed of it, or both. It's where Red Bird lived, all right. And I believe it's Indian work, not her husband's at all. Perhaps she covered it up herself, who knows?" Tom said.

"The first thing to do is to drive to the nearest telephone and get Mrs. Barnes," Eileen said brilliantly. "But there isn't any doubt. If she doesn't pay you enough to straighten out your affairs, for the privilege of copying those costumes, I'm more mistaken than I ever was."

Mrs. Barnes was there by eight the next morning. She took a night train.

"I'll give you five hundred for the privilege of photographing the panels, or three thousand for the panels themselves!" said she

at once, feverishly, as she stood in the Painted Room with the others clustered excitedly round her. "Do you know what (Continued on page 44)





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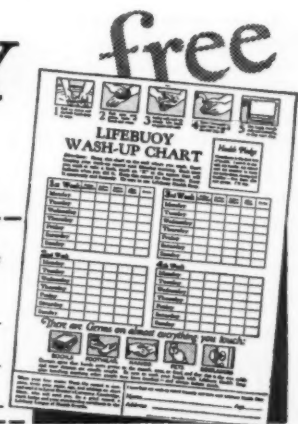
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The Painted Room

(Continued from page 42)

you have found? Not only the costumes I want, and veritable copies of costumes, done with Indian ochres, and contemporary, but what I believe are inscriptions in sign language! Those hands are making words or letters."

It did not take Marcia and Jessie long to decide.

"The five hundred, for the photographs," they said.

Tom wrote out a paper there and then. Jessie and Marcia and Mrs. Barnes signed it. And before she was gone she had taken her flashlight pictures, with an affidavit of what and where and how the pictures had been found. And the girls had their check.

"After the pictures and my article have been published, you can make it public," she told them. "I'll write you about it."

"And do please tell us what the hands mean," Eileen put in. "We're dying to know."

"Certainly. Certainly! As soon as I can."

She would have promised anything, as Tom pointed out, in the delight of her discovery. But she kept her promise.

"Red Bird. Her brother, Big Beaver, paints these. When she is tired of whites, her road home is past the Housatonic, east to the forest edge, and three nights to the place of fires," Mrs. Barnes told them it said. It had been made out, finally by the experts in Indian sign language.

"Now," said Marcia proudly to old Mrs. Barrison, when the story was printed, "never tell me to keep quiet about having an Indian grandmother again! Red Bird's done more for our family than any ancestress I ever had, even the one who was married to a general of Washington's!"

"This ain't any time to argue," said the old lady. "There's ten folks out there wantin' teas. You'll have trouble keepin' 'em from gettin' up attic. They've got magazines!"

The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 24)

Mary to the altar. Rosamond looked radiant.

"Rest quietly now," Mistress Martha said.

"There is yet an hour—so enjoy yourself."

"May I walk a little in the garden?"

Rosamond asked and Mistress Martha nodded her approval.

Rosamond's heart was heavy as she walked with hands clasped lightly behind her and her pretty eyes resting on the gravel which she trod. She was thinking of the coming separation from her mother and Hugh, and of the Princess Mary's sorrow.

A turn in the winding path brought her to the fish pond and there beside it stood tall Charles Brandon. He was leaning against a weeping willow tree that trailed its pale green branches in the silver water and his handsome face was sad.

Rosamond's silken shoes made scarcely any noise upon the path so that he was unaware of her presence until she spoke his name softly, then he turned and smiled at her.

"At first glimpse I always think 'Tis Mary!' and my foolish heart lifts happily and my soul does sing. But you are a pleasant proxy for the Princess—" He smiled again and tried to match his light tone with jaunty air that he was far from feeling.

"I would that I could be her proxy for this day," Rosamond said with meaning.

Charles' face took on the stern, sad look again, and for a time neither spoke but stared disconsolately into the water of the pond. Then suddenly the young man squared his massive shoulders and turning took Rosamond's hand and bent and kissed it.

"Poor little maid," he said, "in our own great sorrow I fear that Mary and I forget that you have troubles, too. It will be lonely for you, little maiden, for I have heard of your devotion to your mother and your brother. But I am more than grateful for your loyalty to her. You may count me as your closest friend and aid."

Rosamond's brown eyes filled with grateful tears and looking up at the tall man by her side she suddenly decided that she would tell him of her father, for it might

ease the burden on her heart to share her secret with another and then, too, Charles might have some plans which she might follow so that she might find her father when she got to France.

So she poured out the tale that her mother had told her and Charles Brandon listened quietly. When she had finished, his handsome face was alight with keen interest.

"And was his name, perchance, Roger Neville?" he asked eagerly.

Rosamond nodded. "That was his name."

"Why then I knew him well! He trained me for my life at Court," Charles cried.

"It seems a miracle that you should know him," Rosamond said in a soft voice of awe. Then she added, "Oh, would you tell me something of him?"

"He was the handsomest man I've ever seen," Charles began simply. "Tall and well-built with a width of shoulder and a slenderness of waist that was the envy of the Court. His eyes were brown like yours and his hair and beard were russet color and he wore it like the present King wears his. It comes to me that he was a cousin, twice removed, from Princess Mary and his Majesty—why, that accounts for your strong resemblance to Mary!" Charles went on.

"A cousin to Princess Mary!" Rosamond cried. "The bond between our hearts is stronger still, for now it has the tie of blood to reinforce it!"

"You'd best not mention this to Mary now," Charles said. "We do not know how Henry feels about your father and Mary might let slip the whole sweet tale and that might bring a storm of trouble down upon your young, defenseless head."

So Rosamond agreed.

"But tell me more about my father," she begged prettily.

"What a man he was in sword play!" Charles resumed. "There never was his equal anywhere."

"I would be the happiest girl in all the world should I ever find him," Rosamond breathed.

"I pray with all my heart you do," Charles said quietly. "It is possible."

Then far off within the palace walls they

heard the deep voice of the small man who went before the King. "Make way! Make way, the King is coming!"

Rosamond caught up her fan of feathers and her kerchief edged with lace which she had laid upon the rim of the fish pond. And then she turned and faced Charles Brandon and her eyes were all ashine with eagerness and hope.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "You have given me courage. And should I find my father, I shall tell him what a loyal friend he has in you."

"And take this message to him for me," Charles said, placing his hands on Rosamond's slender shoulders and looking deep into her eyes. "Tell him he has a charming daughter, a loyal friend, and all the gold I have at my command to use as his—"

The deep bass voice was drawing closer and Rosamond knew it was time to go. Charles spoke again and this time his voice was broken and his eyes were sad again.

"Take care of her, Rosamond. Guard her well for me and try to ease the weary burdens on her heart—try and keep her the Laughing Princess for me—forever—in her heart."

Rosamond nodded, not trusting herself to speak and turned and ran up the path.

She had barely reached her place in the chapel when the doors flew open and the King and Queen came in. At Queen Catherine's right hand walked the Duke of Longueville, who was to stand as proxy for the French King. Princess Mary took her place beside her royal brother and she held her young head high upon her slender shoulders as the solemn words of the marriage service were repeated by the priest.

When it was over at last, Mary begged permission to retire and the King, now that he had had his way, granted permission.

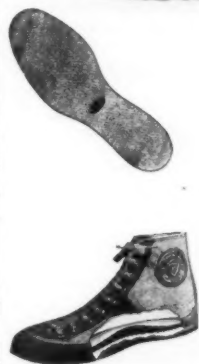
Rosamond slipped out after the newly married girl, and they went together to Mary's room where she sank wearily upon the bed. Rosamond drew a low stool to her side and dropping on it clasped the slender hand that wore the heavy circlet of gold that had just been placed upon it. Suddenly they heard the sound of hoof beats in the courtyard down below. Mary jumped up and flew to the window. There below were a troop of horsemen; Charles Brandon, mounted too, was in the center, his black hat pulled low above his stormy eyes, his vast cloak wrapped about him. Mary leaned out of the window and though she made no sound something caused Charles to lift his eyes and see her there. For a minute they forgot all but each other and Mary's slender hands went out to him in a helpless little gesture of despair. It was Rosamond who drew the Princess back, mindful of the staring eyes of the other men down there.

Mary flung herself upon the bed again, crying as if her heart would break, and on the wind that drifted through the window there came the sound of hoof beats—galloping, galloping—galloping toward the north.

One afternoon about a week later, the King sent word that on the next day he and the Queen and all the Court would start upon the first step of their journey to the coast where Mary and her maids must take boat for France.

"So be it," Mary said. "I would that we could get the weary journey over. Since Charles has gone to Scotland it seems I'm only half alive. This poor shell he leaves behind may find a (Continued on page 46)

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The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 45)

little peace in France where he has never been and therefore left no memories."

It took three days for them to reach the coast and it was at twilight time when they climbed the summit of the hill that overlooked the town of Dover, which nestled at its feet like a gray dove with its feathers dipped in crimson, for the setting sun that was behind them fell in long red rays upon the low stone houses.

But that evening when they were settled in the castle, storm clouds gathered and thunder rolled and lightning flashed and when they awoke next morning, they found the earth was drenched with rain that still fell in long gray lines of melting silver and beat against the strong stone walls as if to wash them out to sea.

For weeks the storm beat against the castle and it was utterly impossible to cross the sea, so high and angry were the waves.

One day when they had been imprisoned by the storm for about three weeks, Mary sent for Rosamond.

"I have been talking to a courtier," she told the girl, "who has spent long years at the French court and he has been telling me of the intrigues that will be all about us. He knows the French King well and claims he is a kindly man and wise and virtuous. He says that Louis does his best to keep his country at peace with other nations. And with Henry back of him he hopes for the best. It seems he needed my brother's aid at this time and Henry had seen to it that he has paid and very heavily for it all. I am but a pawn upon their chess board but as this pawn the storms shall whistle around my head. There is Francis, Louis' son-in-law to contend with. This courtier said he was a ratlike man and had his beady eyes upon the throne of France when Louis dies. Poor King, I'm sorry for him. It seems I've never heard of one who had so many wishing for his death, myself included, cruel maiden that I am!"

They were a pretty sight to see, these two young girls before the fire. Their likeness to each other was accentuated by their similarity in dress. For a long time they were quiet. The only sound to break the silence was the soft lisp of the rain against the gray stone walls and the falling of a burnt-out log upon the wide stone hearth.

"We shall have need of every friend we have in England," Mary said at last, "for every link of friendship will add much to our safety and our happiness."

Rosamond remembered with a lifting of her heart of Charles Brandon's words beside the fish pond, of his assurance of his friendship and she was suddenly comforted. And then, too, somewhere in France she might meet her father and he, she knew, would be her comfort and her guide.

The King sent word that the storm clouds had abated and that the Princess must prepare herself for the voyage across the channel the following day.

When they reached the seashore the next afternoon, they found the water gray and sad-looking and the small white-capped waves came running to the shore as if for comfort. It was indeed a bleak prospect.

Queen Catherine beckoned to the girl and

"The American Girl" and Christmas—

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Rosamond went to her at once and would have knelt before her, but the Queen would not let her.

"Come close," the dark Queen whispered, and Rosamond bent above her.

"I love the Princess Mary, as well you know," the Queen said sadly, "and I shall miss her sorely. But though these sorrows touch my heart, they do not weigh it down as does the thought of her going alone to that alien land where there will be but few, if any, all about her she may call her friends. Guard her carefully, little Rosamond. And now take this," and she drew from her slender finger a ring which held in its gold setting a lovely amethyst of violet color. She held the ring upon her outstretched palm and Rosamond took it from her and slipped it on a gold chain that hung about her neck. "If Mary ever needs my help, send this to me, but send your own name with it, so I shall know it really comes from you."

Rosamond kissed the dark Queen's hand and gave her promise and then went back to her place beside the other maidens who were waiting to embark.

Anne Boleyn, another maid-in-waiting to the new young Queen, turned to speak to her. She was ever a pretty young thing and now she wore a *bouffant* or cape of blue velvet trimmed with points, at the end of which hung tiny golden bells that tinkled gayly when she moved. She wore a vest of blue velvet starred with silver and a surcoat of watered silk lined with miniver, with long hanging sleeves that hid her hands completely. But she always seemed to be playing to an audience, as if she never was herself a single minute.

"I'm all athrill from top to toe to see this France I've heard so much about," she said as she drew her blue cloak closer about her. She raised one hand to brush a curl from her eyes and as she did Rosamond saw a curious thing. On her hand there were six fingers.

And now Rosamond knew why Anne, who had been her companion on the journey to Dover, always wore long, long sleeves so they might hide the tiny extra finger unless the cuff slipped back as it had done just now.

Mary, looking as pale as a flower that had been plucked and taken from the sun, was taking leave of her royal brother. Henry had her in his arms and now the time had come to see her really leave for France the quick tears flooded his blue eyes and all thoughts of royalty and gain lay dead between them. But he released her at last and she was lifted into the small boat where Rosamond was already seated and two sailors rowed them out to where three larger boats bobbed like helpless corks upon the still troubled bosom of the angry waters.

Mary and Rosamond stayed in the tiny cabin that had been allotted to the Princess. The waves tossed the small craft about and Mary vowed that she would die before the weary trip was over. But at last the captain sighted land and Anne Boleyn ran on swift feet to tell them that half of France was waiting on the shore to greet them.

Rosamond helped Mary dress and fastened a string of tiny but perfectly matched pearls around the slender throat. The necklace was a gift of the old French King.

"Was the King there?" Mary asked Anne.

"I do not know for sure. But I saw a smallish man upon a horse. His hair, the man's I mean, was scant and gray, and he

bent a little in the saddle as if he had a weary load upon his shoulders. And everyone seems to make much of him," she ended slyly, knowing full well that she described the King.

"Is he very hideous and shall I top him with my great height?" Mary asked.

Anne shook her head.

"I could not tell his height, your Majesty, for he sat upon a horse. But he seemed a kindly man—all gray and fatherly—but very tired."

Then dropping a deep curtsy Anne turned and went back to the deck.

Mary and Rosamond followed her to the deck and they sat side by side in a smaller boat that took them to the shore. The waves still ran in mountain heights and suddenly a monstrous one broke over the side of the boat on which the Princess Mary sat and drenched her to the skin.

"Lack-a-day!" she cried. "Me soaking to the skin and with my hair all mussed and hanging straight about me! Whatever will old Louis think now of his bride!" And she began to laugh.

"But I must remember that I am Queen," she said a moment later, trying to pull a straight face. Then suddenly she unclasped the necklace from her throat and turned and fastened it on Rosamond. It was the French King's wedding gift to her and she had worn it in compliment to him.

"You look far better than I do!" she whispered. "You must be Queen until I've had the time to get myself fresh, curled and frocked."

Rosamond had no time to answer for the men had waded out and now were pulling the boat in carefully and one came forward and seeing the pearls knelt there upon the sandy shore and greeted her as Queen.

The old man on the horse got stiffly down from it and stepping forward let his faded dark brown eyes rest on Rosamond's fresh young face. His expression softened as he gazed upon her youthful loveliness. And he bent above her hand and said in broken English which quite touched her heart, "I've never seen a fairer pearl in any land. I am thrice blessed to have you for my wife and Queen of all France."

Rosamond blushed and tried to catch the eyes of the real Queen but Mary kept hers lowered, so in desperation and not to appear a perfect ninny, Rosamond said, "I am sorry, my Lord, that my maids and I must come before you in these roles of water goddess and her attendant nereids."

The King smiled at this pretty fancy and bade his courtiers hurry and convey the girls to the nearest place where they could obtain food and rest and fresh dry clothing for others besides the Princess had been soaked.

King Louis walked beside the tall gold chair where Rosamond rode in state.

When the chair boys placed their burden on the ground Rosamond descended from it with the French King's aid and went into the old stone inn where there were accommodations for the English maids.

Once in the safety of their own quarters the girls all fell to laughing softly at the change.

Rosamond put the pearls around Queen Mary's throat. Mary let her hands hang helplessly on either side of her slender body that now must take up its heavy burden.

She turned away wearily and took the feathered fan that (Continued on page 48)

Prize Winners

in the GOODRICH ARCHERY CONTEST

Congratulations to these winners in the national contest announced in the Sports Issues of this magazine. The judges were: E. O. Perrin, Boardman Archery, National Archery Ass'n., Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Dorothy L. Smith, winner, Field Cup, National Archery Ass'n., Field Captain, Rochester Council, Girl Scouts of America, Rochester, N. Y.; L. E. Stemmler, Pres., L. E. Stemmler, Inc., Manufacturers of Bows, Arrows and Archery Supplies, Queens Village, L. I., N. Y. The winners are listed in order of their scores:

3 Best Senior Shots—Ralph H. Miller, 16, Seattle, Washington; Bruce B. Smith, 14, Seattle, Washington; Marlene Robinson, 16, Salt Lake City, Utah.

3 Best Junior Shots—Patricia Granger, 13, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Melvin Kallenbach, 12, Carmel, Ill.; George Henry Pariseau, 12, Grafton, N. D.

100 Next Best Senior Shots—Jack Predrasta, Jr., 18, Niles, Ohio; Richard Collins, 15, Tulsa, Okla.; Edward Hodgson, 17, E. St. Louis, Ill.; Shirley Peterson, 17, Salt Lake City, Utah; Enriquez G. Vilella, 16, Larve, P. R.; Max Hill, 16, Lansing, Mich.; Bernard Stratton, 16, Houston, Texas; Turett Stanhill, N. Y.; Gordon Schaefer, 16, Syracuse, N. Y.; Howard M. Jennings, 18, Washington, D. C.; James Dowell, Jr., 18, Winstlow, Wash. C.; D. Darrat, 18, Chesapeake, Va.; Unto Maki, 15, Gardiner, Mass.; Roy Stoen, 17, E. St. Louis, Ill.; Jack Nelson, 15, Syracuse, N. Y.; Bill Spring, 16, Syracuse, N. Y.; Fred Brandenburg, 15, Denver, Colo.; John Kosance, 17, Niles, Ohio; Marion Phillips, 17, Ridgewood, N. Y.; Fred Prentiss, 17, Niles, Ohio; Barbara Prabel, 16, Plymouth, Mass.; Abraham Blumberg, 15, Utica, N. Y.; Henry Howard, 17, Tulsa, Okla.; Roy Marquand, 16, H. D. Darrat, 16, Tulsa, Okla.; Gilbert Romney, 16, Casper, W. Va.; Sarah Jane Smith, 14, Tulsa, Okla.; Ed. Branson, 16, Riverside, Cal.; Ralph Gilmer, 16, Riverside, Cal.; George Salinas, 18, Niles, Ohio; Carl Smith, 14, Franklin, Mass.; Dick Wood, 12, Riverside, Cal.; Donald Zilliox, 16, Rockford, Ill.; Bill Waters, 15, E. St. Louis, Ill.; Bert Stanley, 16, Riverside, Cal.; Mary Schley, 15, New York City; Willard Landford, 14, Red Wing, Minn.; John Hurt, 15, Tulsa, Okla.; Ray Packrell, 15, Preston, Idaho; Donald Blake, 15, Bangor, Me.; Ralph Lohr, 16, Rockford, Ill.; Roy Jordan, 18, Syracuse, N. Y.; Billy Goebel, 16, Denver, Colo.; Elias Smith, 17, Salt Lake City, Utah; Walter Allan, 15, Tulsa, Okla.; Ted Crowder, 16, Tulsa, Okla.; Adolph Reineck, 17, Houston, Texas; Ray Rolinger, 16, Denver, Colo.; Walter E. Hartman, 14, Seattle, Wash.; W. G. Gundel, Jr., 16, Harrisburg, Pa.; Raymond Wilke, 15, Burlington, Iowa; Laura Starn, 15, Parnon, W. Va.; S. Nyack, 15, Warren, White, 16, Tulsa, Okla.; Cale Price, 15, Findlay, Ohio; Harry D. Hobson, Jr., 14, Lyons, Ore.; Sam J. Spaulding, 17, 16, Anson, Ky.; Jack Denton, 15, Seattle, Wash.; Donald Crook, 16, Lyons, Ore.; Robert Stoen, 14, Hutchinson, Minn.; Vaughn Tatum, Jr., 15, Little Rock, Ark.; Fricke, 18, Tulsa, Okla.; Harold Cook, 15, De Kalb, Ill.; John Brandenburg, 16, Denver, Colo.; Lawrence H. Wahi, 17, Burlington, Iowa; Harold A. Frenn, Jr., 14, Franklin, Mass.; Don Flett, 16, Minneapolis, Minn.; William Shoen, 17, Elmira, N. Y.; Milton Scott, 17, Riverside, Cal.; Byron Page, 15, N. Minneapolis, Minn.; Charles Meyer, 13, Riverside, Cal.; Horat Gilliland, 18, Tulsa, Okla.; Arthur H. Hurst, 14, Sparks, Mich.; Helen Hamilton, 14, River Forest, Ill.; John Graves, 14, Stanton, Iowa; Cecil A. Garson, 14, Charenton, N. H.; Walter, 16, Tulsa, Okla.; Bob Coggeshall, 16, Tulsa, Okla.; Stanley Smith, 15, Lakeland, Fla.; Mary Thomas, 16, Toledo, Ohio; Mary E. Clark, 14, San Francisco, Cal.; John Clark, 14, Lakeland, Fla.; Betty Reed, 16, San Francisco, Cal.; Betty Smith, 16, Findlay, Ohio; Louis Browning, 13, Bendale, Ark.; Mary Hall, 14, Syracuse, N. Y.

100 Next Best Junior Shots—Carl Rubin, 13, Bangor, Me.; Carl Miller, 13, Lansing, Mich.; Wolf, 13, Lakemills, Wis.; Frank J. Pavlich, 10, So. Seattle, Wash.; Roger Koepfer, 11, Toledo, Ohio; Richard Cooper, 11, Madison, Wis.; Arthur Capshon, 10, Whitefish, Mont.; Warren E. Baie, 13, De Kalb, Ill.; Herb Smith, 12, Salt Lake City, Utah; Leroy Green, 13, Hutchinson, Kans.; Howard Blair, 13, Canton, Kans.; Wesley Watson, 14, Tulsa, Okla.; James Halverson, 13, Red Wing, Minn.; Mosher, 14, Lansing, Mich.; Tom Rogers, 13, Hutchinson, Kans.; Dick Wood, 13, Tulsa, Okla.; Carl Frank Hahn, 11, Hutchinson, Kans.; Luther O. Hiltner, 13, So. Pasadena, Cal.; Glenn Hinkinson, Jr., 12, Toledo, Ohio; Carl Geiger, 13, Syracuse, N. Y.; MacCaull, 12, Ellerslie, P. E. I.; Fritzy Granger, 11, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Keith Roberts, 11, Tecumseh, Mich.; Jimmie Colbert, 14, Muskegon, Okla.; Stephen Fender, 13, Troy, N. Y.; Clinton Granger, 12, Fergus Falls, Minn.; C. Winthrop Andrews, 12, Waltham, Mass.; John Rudkowsky, Jr., 13, Burlington, Wis.; Geo. Babson, 11, Syracuse, N. Y.; Bob Blake, 12, Bangor, Me.; A. Johnson, Jr., 12, Milltown, N. J.; R. E. Church, Jr., 11, Brynston City, N. C.; Freddy Holliday, 10, Indianapolis, Ind.; S. Allen Tyler, Jr., 13, De Kalb, Ill.; John Laverty, 13, Somerville, Mass.; Kenneth Littlejohn, 13, De Kalb, Ill.; Robert Snow, 14, Tulsa, Okla.; Rodney Lindell, 12, Red Wing, Minn.; Albert Saxen, 13, Ohio; Lawrence Hull, 13, Somerville, Mass.; Dean Barber, 12, Somerville, Mass.; James Frank Medgar, 13, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mose Daniel, 13, Brunswick, Ga.; John Doherty, 11, Somerville, Mass.; Leonard Benjamin, 10, Albany, N. Y.; J. Payne, 12, Hutchinson, Kans.; Harry Mendicino, 14, Tulsa, Okla.; Richard Vantine, 13, Bartlesville, Okla.; Edmund Erdik, 10, Toledo, Ohio; Bernhard Heppner, 13, Hopkins, Minn.; Jean Brown, 13, Syracuse, N. Y.; Charles Meyer, 13, Riverside, Cal.; Ed Bullard, 14, Muskegon, Okla.; Roger Dukes, 11, Findlay, Ohio; Mary Aringer, 12, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Sterling Smith, 13, Franklin, Mass.; R. Cowall, 11, Camp Waukegan, Bristol, N. H.; Wendell M. Bole, 11, Camp Waukegan, Bristol, N. H.; Wendell M. Bole, 11, Camp Waukegan, Bristol, N. H.; Billie Harvey, 11, Montclair, N. J.; Jack Guthrie, 11, Newellton, La.; Dick Hendel, 12, Red Wing, Minn.; F. Williams, 12, Cdm., Waukegan, Bristol, N. H.; Avis Walker, 13, Quincy, Mass.; Harry Williamson, Jr., 13, Saranac Inn, N. Y.; Paul Sheehan, 13, Elmira, N. Y.; William Conlay, 14, Scranton, Pa.; Harold Wieser, 10, Quincy, Mass.; Ernest Harrison, 13, Quincy, Mass.; Roger McMillan, 12, Toledo, Ohio; Robert Lowrie, 12, Scranton, Ohio; Barbara Rogers, 12, Quincy, Mass.; Richard Silverman, 10, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Robert Boon, 12, Marion, Ill.; Wm. Robert McAndrew, Jr., 11, Middletown, N. Y.; Art Schievell, 12, Toledo, Ohio; O. Kline, 10, Camp Waukegan, Bristol, N. H.; Jack Barry, 12, Quincy, Ill.; Eisenbrey Russell, 9, Saranac Inn, N. Y.; Robert Wattenchick, 12, Toledo, Ohio; Glen Walton, 13, Salt Lake City, Utah; James Buisser, 11, Dunmore, Pa.; Albert Olsep, 13, Los Angeles, Cal.; Hannel Mays, 12, Toledo, Ohio; Kenneth Pottinger, 13, De Kalb, Ill.; Leland Nimrod, 12, Stanton, Iowa; Geo. Hull, 12, Toledo, Ohio; James McElroy, 13, Bangor, Me.; Frederick Gepp, 9, Syracuse, N. Y.; Matt Horton, 10, Saranac Inn, N. Y.; Edmund Erdut, 10, Toledo, Ohio; Roy Morse, 12, Toledo, Ohio; Ellsworth Weston, 13, Sparks, Mich.; L. E. Perry, 12, Newsum, Mass.; David Callen, 14, Tulsa, Okla.; Durand Jones, 13, Toledo, Ohio; Billie Moore, 12, Saranac Inn, N. Y.; Shelton Russell, 11, Saranac Inn, N. Y.

Senior Group Prize Winners—FIRST PRIZE: Junior Ute Archery Club, Salt Lake City, Utah; SECOND PRIZE: Boy Scout Troop 45, Seattle, Wash.; THIRD PRIZE: Senior High Archery Club, East St. Louis, Ill.

Junior Group Prize Winners—FIRST PRIZE: Bulls-eye, Fergus Falls, Minn.; SECOND PRIZE: Boy Scout Troop 4, De Kalb, Ill.; THIRD PRIZE: Bulls-eye, Somerville, Mass.

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The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 47)

Rosamond held out to her. Then she went below to meet the King, her husband.

What has happened so far in this story

Rosamond Bolton lives with her mother and Hugh, her brother, not many miles from London. Her father had been sent away from England when Rosamond was a baby, after refusing to obey an unjust command of King Henry the Seventh.

Rosamond awakes one morning to the sound of a hunter's horn. Fearing for the safety of a young fox she had penned in

the garden, she runs from the house and discovers that the fox has escaped. As she reaches the gate she meets the hunting party riding up, and she calls to the leader and begs him to stop his hounds, unaware that he is Henry the Eighth.

Laughing a little at Rosamond's strange request, the hunter does as she asked him. The girl, sorry to have ruined their sport, invites the party into the garden for a draught of her mother's mead. As she helps serve the guests Rosamond is startled to see her own likeness to a young lady of the hunting party who is the leader's sister.

That evening as Rosamond sits studying,

a messenger of the King arrives at their cottage. He tells Mistress Bolton that the Princess, who was much attracted to Rosamond, wishes to have her come to court, and the girl accompanies him back there.

After Rosamond has been a guest of the Princess for a few days, the latter tells her that the King of France has sent an ambassador to ask for her hand in marriage, to which Mary has agreed, in spite of her love for Charles Brandon.

King Henry comes to Rosamond one morning and tells her that he wishes her to go to France with the Princess Mary, as a lady-in-waiting!

Make Maps for Christmas

(Continued from page 21)

it comes to the triangle, T-square, and drawing board, with which I make the drawing accurate and according to scale. I take it to the printer and supervise the printing of it, and deliver the finished maps all ready for use—usually several hundred of them."

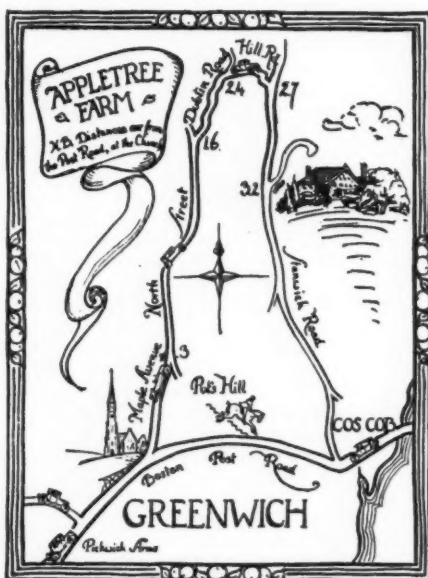
As a background for her work Miss Moore has studied painting and drawing at the Art Students' League, in New York. She is interested in the Dutch and French maps and feels that there are not any so beautiful as the Dutch ones of the eighteenth century.

One beautiful example of Miss Moore's work is a Christmas map she made for an army officer and his wife, whose guests were likely to arrive in their automobiles, airplanes, seaplanes and yachts. Her map, which was designed to send out as a Christmas greeting, shows the landing fields for planes, the soundings in the river for boats and seaplanes, and the automobile roads. It is hand tinted and measures about seven by ten inches and folds four times into a glistening silver folder, with a wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year printed in blue on the face.

Then there was the thrilling commission to make a map for the King of Siam when he visited America and was a guest at Ophir Hall, Westchester County, New York. Since the house is rather like a medieval castle, the map, too, has a distinctly medieval flavor.

Another map, which will be of special interest to Girl Scouts, is the one which points the way to a sanctuary for native plants and birds of Wisconsin, on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. To carry out the spirit of the surroundings, birds perch saucily on a scroll in the upper right hand corner of the map, and flowers nod their heads in the lower left corner.

There's a whimsical and individual touch to each of her maps, just as Miss Moore has hinted. For example, the map of Apple-tree Farm, a home in Connecticut, has a row of apples drawn into the conventionalized border, in keeping with the name of the farm. The one of Windward, at Bedford, New York, has figures representing the four winds blowing in each corner. A wedding map has two cupids holding a scroll on which is written, "How to find the way to Carol's and Doug's wedding, at Inverbay,



HERE IS ANOTHER OF MISS MOORE'S CHARMING MAPS DESIGNED FOR A CONNECTICUT ESTATE

on the Cape." In one corner a many layered wedding cake is decorated with a bride and groom, and down the sides are strung tinkling wedding bells on ribbons. The owners of Westerleigh, in Rye, New York, are fond of horses and proud of their stables, so Miss Moore has red-coated huntsmen galloping over the map and has taken infinite pains in marking the jumps.

One of the most difficult things, she says, is to make something clear to look at when done, a map that will be practical and at the same time decorative.

Miss Moore is enthusiastic in her belief that you Girl Scouts will find lots of fun in making maps of your camps, showing the various routes to camp, where certain wild flowers and birds may be found, and other points of interest, also in making your own individual Christmas cards. It is a good way to start work on your Pathfinder's Proficiency Badge.

In making a map of your home you will, of course, follow very much the same plan that Miss Moore has described to you. You will show the house, its surroundings, and possibly some of the pursuits of the family.

You, too, will consult road maps and any other information available. If it is not convenient to measure the distances in an automobile, being a good Girl Scout you can walk down the different routes to measure the distances and sketch in the landmarks. Or you may know all these facts without making a survey.

A border of Christmas bells or holly, and a candlelit and decorated tree down in one corner will make your map timely. A scroll sketched in where it will best fit may carry your Christmas wish.

As you will no doubt be making a limited number of cards it will probably be too costly to have yours printed, but they will be that much more appreciated if you trace them with pen and ink. And much of their charm will come with those little irregularities which tell that an article is hand made.

The paper you use may be white or tinted—gray, écu, gray-blue, or light green. The ink used may be black India ink or it may correspond with the color of the paper, using red ink on gray paper, dark blue ink on blue-gray paper, and dark green ink on écu paper. Some of the loveliest maps are hand tinted in bright colors, and for these a cream-colored paper and black ink are best.

Correspondence cards or note paper with deckle edges in a craft finish, with envelopes to match, will be very satisfactory for your map making. On the note paper the map comes inside the fold.

There is another type of Christmas map that is very original and can be made most charming—the map of Christmas lore. It's a map of the world showing sources of many Christmas customs and traditions. It measures nine and one-quarter inches by sixteen and one-quarter inches, is printed in black on cream paper and is hand tinted in bright colors. Short legends written on the map tell the story of Christmas in many lands. For example: *In England Yule logs crackle on the hearth; Here homes are decked with holly gay (our southern states); Here chant they Noel (France); Here dwelleth Santa Claus (the North Pole).*

Delightful books on Christmas lore and Christmas customs have been written and will be found most helpful in working out a map of this type. Among them is *Christmas* by Clement A. Mills, and *Christmas and Christmas Lore* by T. G. Crippen.

A Dressing Table to Make

(Continued from page 20)

papers, oilcloth, a piece of cloth for smoothing down, and a large waste paper basket.

A long table makes measuring, pasting and cutting easier. Cover the table with a pile of papers laid out smooth. They not only protect the table top but help when you start pasting the oilcloth; by lifting off a sheet of paper after each pasting you have a clean surface to start the next.

To make the paste, mix one-half cup of flour with enough water to make a smooth paste, add boiling water gradually, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. The paste should be about the consistency of a medium white sauce. Remember that it thickens as it cools.

Method of Procedure

Stand two of the boxes on end. Place the third lengthwise between them, but raised four inches above the tops of the other two, and nail them in place. Line the insides of the boxes with newspaper, being careful to cover all cracks. Use paste generously and be sure that there are no wrinkles and that the edges of the newspaper are well pasted down. Cover the outside also with newspaper. Carefully measure the height and depth of the two sides of the top cupboard on the left side and width and depth of the bottom—omitting the top. Cut pieces of oilcloth exactly to fit the bottom and sides. Brush paste on the back of the oilcloth—a piece at a time—and put it on in the following order—left side, right side, bottom. Paste only one piece at a time. Be sure it is even and then rub on smoothly with a piece of cloth. Working while the newspaper is still wet helps to prevent wrinkles. Proceed in the same way for the other five cupboards. Then measure the three sections of the top and the two outside ends. Cut pieces of oilcloth and paste

them in place just as you did on the inside.

The petticoat is made in four parts—one for the front of the right-hand section, one for the left-hand section and two for the middle. Measure the width across each part and allow half as much more for fullness, and one and one-half inches extra on each piece for the hems at the sides. Measure the height from the floor and add three or four inches more for hems at the bottom and the headings at the top. Baste the side hems and stitch. Then baste in the headings and stitch, and turn the hems at the bottom of each part and stitch. Cover the three parts of the top of the dressing table with material, tacking it in place with one or two tacks. Tack the petticoat on the two outside sections in place with the brass-headed tacks, laying the fullness in folds. The middle sections may also be tacked in place, but I found two little extension rods which I fastened to the wood of the middle section. By using these, my curtains can be moved back and forth.

To make the stool for the dressing table, cover the top of a crate or box with chintz, tacking it smoothly in place. Measure the distance around the top of the box and cut the material, allowing half as much more than the original measurement around the top for fullness. Seam and baste and stitch the hem. Gather twice at top to make it easy to adjust the gathers. Tack in place. Fold a strip of chintz about three-fourth inch and tack over the gathers with brass-headed tacks.

I paid fifteen cents for the cushion on my stool and I covered it with two pieces of chintz exactly the size of cushion, with the edges sewed together in a back hand stitch with coarse yellow cotton. I put little tapes at the corners of the cushion to fasten it to the corners of the stool. I hope if you decide to make a dressing table you will find it as useful as I do mine.

"Engine-Divil"

(Continued from page 33)

Judy, still sitting on the engineer's seat, sagged limply on the window-sill. The Big Pine men were all right! She wished she could get out to watch. But she was suddenly very tired.

Again the superintendent's voice rang out. "Get your guns, men. Take cover and aim at that box car door while I open the lock. If there's one shot from inside, fire at the first holdup guy you see. But be careful not to hit your own trainmen."

The superintendent turned to the box car. "Hear that, you inside?" he called. "You come out of there, guns down, or you'll not come out alive."

Then he walked up and took the stick from the staple. He raised the hasp and gave the door a shove. It rolled back noisily. There was a tense moment of silence and then, one by one, three men still wearing bandanas over their faces, dropped out of the car. Lumberjacks sprang upon them and dragged them off to camp. Others fell upon the Big Pine men, pounding their shoulders, shouting questions. But Sam broke loose and leaped up the cab steps.

"Gosh, Judy. You're the smartest-turned gal ever I knowed," he said, his voice husky with emotion. "Don't you want to git down?"

Judy grinned as she rose on wobbly legs.

"Yes, I reckon I've drove far enough fer one day," she said climbing down hastily.

Gran'pappy returned from Laurel Run the following Monday and Sam and Judy went downcreek the same day. The old man listened intently to Sam's description of the holdup. Only an added sparkle in his black eyes betrayed his interest in Judy's part in the happening. "Waal, I allow you-all won't be so sot on galivanting round in engine-divils from now on," was all he said.

Word of the holdup and of Judy's bravery spread rapidly up and down the creek. There was no lack of company now at the Martin cabin. Every day somebody stopped to hear the story, and to every person Gran'pappy described the event as though he had been an eye-witness. Judy paused to listen with an amused grin one night as Gran'pappy's voice shrilled out the tale.

"And gin my gal Judy hadn't had sech a thirst fer travel, I allow them robbers would be in some far and distant cuntry right this minute with all that money," he said. "Some folks favors gals what like to bide by the hearth a-weaving 'n' a-cooking. But fer my ownself I everly favored them as has sperrit 'n' likes to go places 'n' larn new things. Yes, sir, I was everly that kind of young-un my ownself 'n' Judy here, she's as like to me as my right hand is to my left."

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THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



MARGARET WIDDERMER. Shortly before she was eighteen years old, Miss Widdemer went to a library school for four years. After her graduation she spent a year cataloguing rare books, followed by a winter in the catalogue department at the University of Pennsylvania.

While she was there she wrote *The Factories*, which began her reputation as a poet. Her first novel, *The Rose Garden Husband*, appeared almost simultaneously with *The Factories*, and both were very successful. With Joyce Kilmer she wrote free verse under the composite name of Alfred Watts, who immediately grew popular. He received through his publishers invitations to teas and other social affairs, and finally a dinner was planned for him. "We'll have to kill him," Mr. Kilmer said, and so poor Alfred Watts died of pneumonia on the eve of his coming glory.

ESTHER GREENACRE HALL. Her stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* about the Kentucky mountains are the result of work she once did at a mountain settlement school. "My childhood was spent on a Colorado cattle ranch," she says.



"College years at Leland Stanford University found me specializing in journalism, and upon graduating I got a job on a California city newspaper. And then the fun began, for I organized and edited a newspaper club for children. Before I knew it the club had grown to include eight thousand boys and girls. As I was known as "Aunt Carol" I really possessed eight thousand nephews and nieces. Taking two thousand of them on a picnic or giving a free show for three thousand was just part of the day's work. After leaving California I went to Kentucky, where I gained experience that gave me material for a book for girls, *The Here-to-Yonder Girl*, published by Macmillan. At present I live in Scarsdale, New York where I take care of a newspaper husband, a two-year-old son and a battered typewriter."

VIRGINIA KIRKUS. She has written for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* before. Some of you will remember her article, "If I Went to School Again—", in September, 1931. She knows girls' tastes in books—she has selected them for many years—and she has the added advantage of having nieces with whom to discuss the tastes of the modern young girl. That is why Miss Kirkus is able to select in the article in this issue the very books that *AMERICAN GIRL* readers are sure to enjoy. Read them and see if you don't agree with her.



WINIFRED MOSES. You are all familiar with her articles. She writes, "One day someone asked me to do an article. I didn't want to, for I didn't believe I could write, but having learned that it doesn't pay to turn down an opportunity to do something new, I wrote the article. It was accepted and led to the writing of more and to other interesting jobs as well."



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case	1.25
M 251 First Aid Kit75
J 501 Beret. All colors75
M 506 Pocket Toilet Kit35
M 701 Ingersoll Mite. Plain	
Dial	2.00
M 702 Ingersoll Mite. Ra-	
dium Dial	2.50
P 171 Air Pillow	1.25
M 591 Cookie Cutter15

FOR FATHER AND BROTHER

M 381 Sunwatch	1.00
M 371 Pedometer	2.00
M 401 Flashlight, complete	
with batteries	1.65
M 261 Automobile First Aid	
Kit	2.90
M 171 Signalling Flag Set...	.75
M 581 Pocket Kook-Kit25
M 201 Bugle	4.00
P 901 Waterproof Match	
Box50
Z 311 Jack-Knife Cookery..	2.00
Z 301 The Book of Wood-	
craft	1.00

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